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Saturday Review

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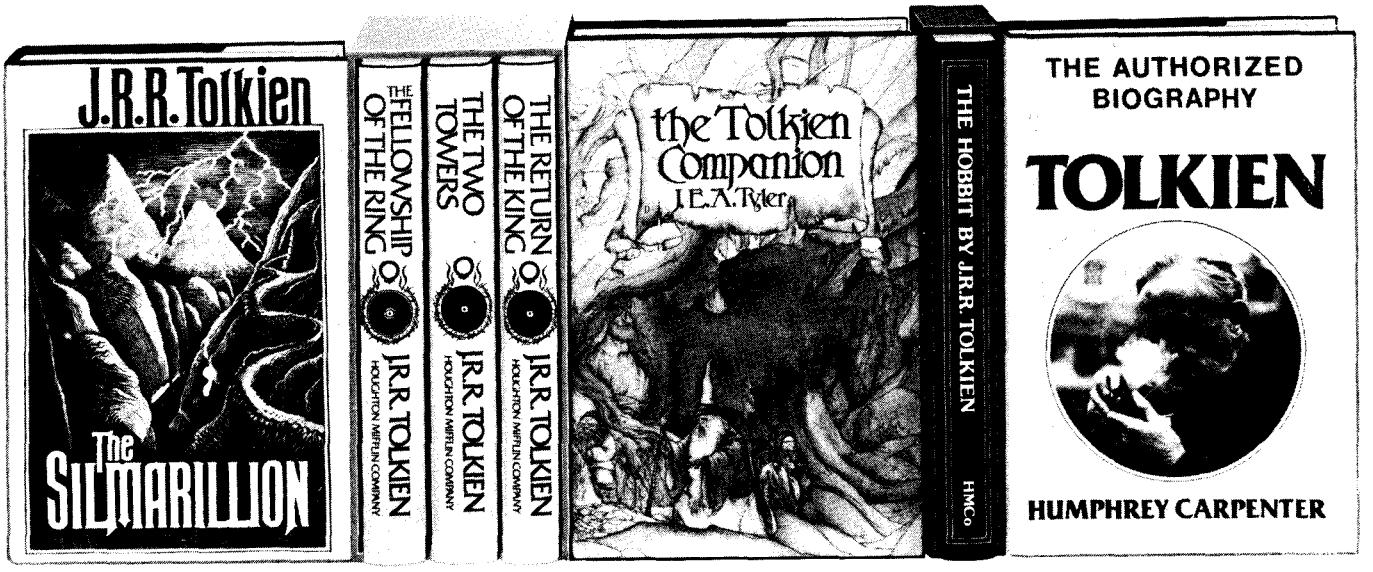

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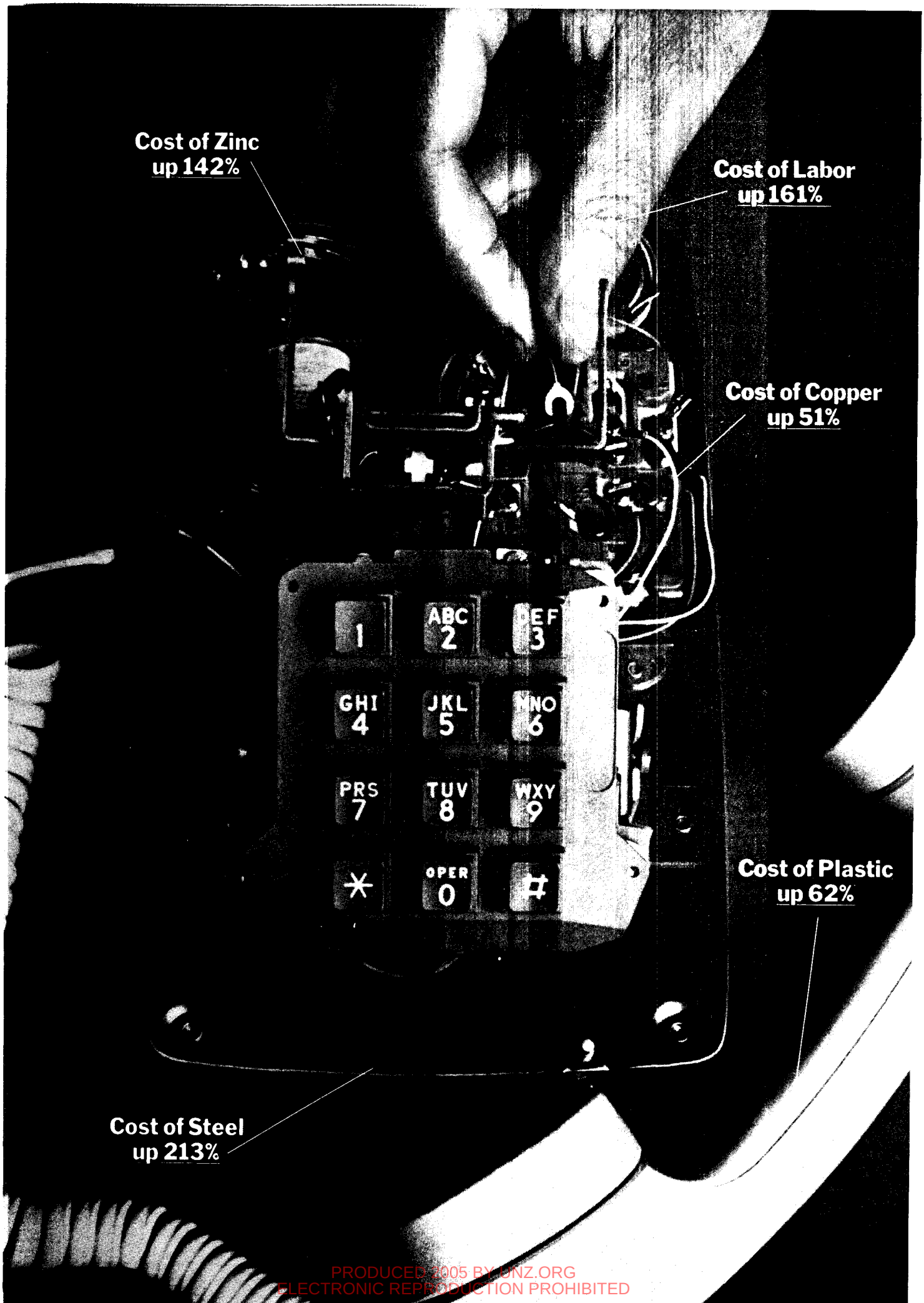

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How come when we put it all together, it's only up 18%?

In the last 10 years, the costs of labor and raw materials that go into this telephone have skyrocketed. And yet, the price of the finished product has risen only 18%.

Making it Better.

The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

At Western Electric, cost reduction and other improvements in our productivity don't just happen. They're the result of a systematic and formalized program which has existed for years.

One of the key elements in this program is our Engineering Research Center (ERC). Western Electric is one of the few corporations that has such a facility.

Unlike most research and development centers, its primary purpose is *manufacturing* research.

Working closely with Bell Labs, where most of our products are designed, the ERC has developed new manufacturing processes that have resulted in enormous savings for Western Electric and the Bell telephone companies.

Committed to Cutting Costs.

In the last few years, Western Electric has implemented over 10,000 different ideas to cut costs.

Like the idea developed by two of our engineers to redesign a piece of casing. In its first year it saved $2.3 million.

Or like the idea developed by a team of engineers from Western Electric and Bell Labs that involved a new technique for electroplating our switching equipment. It has saved over $8.5 million in its first year.

In 1977, the net effect of our cost reduction program was a savings of over $200,000,000.

Continuing Innovation.

With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reason that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than half as fast as the consumer price index.

It's a reflection of our continuing innovation and the close collaboration of Western Electric, Bell Labs, and Bell System telephone companies.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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A Fable For Now:

Idlers of the King

Once, over a land of great plenty, ruled King Sam the Avuncular, whose noble appetite for new dishes made welcome the greatest of cooks. Given free rein, these busy workers vied for gold and honor, and their wondrous concoctions overflowed the kingdom's tables and helped bring prosperity to his people.

But some unproductive folk had trouble swallowing the success of his realm and befuddled the monarch with mean-spirited questions and doubts. "Are you sure this new meat dish is really good for you?" they asked. "Have you considered the long-term effects on your knee bones of eating so much lettuce?" "Impose controls so your soup will cost less!" Before long the king's manner and purse began to tighten as his suspicions were fed.

"What's this?" he demanded as a smooth, dark dessert was set before him. "Saccra-Mousse," replied the inventive chef. "Though rich and sweet and filling, it fattens not."

"Yum," thought the monarch. But his advisers scowled: "You'd best test it first." The king sighed. "Oh, very well," and following his advisers' counsel, he ordered a hundredweight of the treat stuffed daily for a month down the Royal Taster, who soon sickened gravely. The cook suffered the loss of his head. And Saccra-Mousse, over the protests of King Sam's dieting subjects, was forever banned from the kingdom.

Other cautions commenced. Inspectors dulled all kitchen knives as a safety precaution and banned salads for fear of oil and vinegar spills. Environmental regulators closed the smokehouse to clear the air. They halted the feeding of soil and the removal of pests, and the farms yielded less. No herbs grew at all because each little crop required as many licenses and forms and inspectors and tests as a whole field of grain. And peat for the fires became scarce after a quarrel over how to treat the bogs. Gradually the land and the kitchens grew idle. The kingdom, alas, had lost its vigor.

Still, some cooks continued their work. Though forbidden by a great body of regulations to make plans jointly or share techniques or apply new methods, they tried their best to respond loyally to King Sam's yen for new dishes. But it became more and more discouraging.

One efficient scrubber of pots, for example, improved the organization of the scullery through a secret process which, alas, the advisers made patently clear to the inventor's rivals.

Then there was the enterprising chef who paid 100 pieces of gold from his own pocket to provision a banquet fit for a king. But the stingy advisers whispered to the monarch, "Only two bits of gold, Your Majesty, 'tis sufficient return." "What!" cried the chef, losing his head, first figuratively and then literally as well.

So it came to pass that only in other lands were new dishes devised. "Oh, tempura!" cried the monarch, while his pundits feared the wurst. In all his land there were only peanut butter sandwiches.

When King Sam sent out a call for master chefs, none dared appear. Finally, one was discovered in hiding, and dragged trembling before the king. "When will you pick up your skillet and provide gustatory delights?" the monarch demanded. Quoth the craven: "Nevermore!"

Moral: Nothing cripples innovation and enterprise like heavy-handed regulation. And that's no fable.

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Saturday Review

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An Oily Retort

I am disappointed by the shoddy reasoning in your Front Runner on the *Amoco Cadiz* oil spill ["Sharing the Burden," May 27]. The U.S. consumes huge amounts of oil and gas and will continue to do so well into the next century. Whatever petroleum we need that does not come from our own wells will be imported—mainly in tankers. The spill rate from tanker traffic is many times that of offshore drilling. Forbidding or severely restricting these offshore operations, therefore, has the paradoxical effect of increasing the number and severity of oil spills.

If the fishermen of the northeastern states foresee nothing but damage to their livelihood from the coming of the oil rigs, perhaps they should be talking to their colleagues in the Gulf of Mexico about the surprisingly *beneficial* effects of offshore platforms on the local fish population. The yearly catch in the Gulf has increased steadily over the past decades as the offshore industry has grown. The platforms act as artificial reefs, supporting large communities of marine life.

In an ideal world, we would not have to deal with such potentially harmful substances as petroleum. Lacking a limitless supply of clean energy, however, we are committed to a petroleum-oriented economy for years to come. Let us be realistic enough to weigh our alternatives intelligently rather than self-righteously washing our hands of the whole messy business.

Barry Doll
Gretna, La.

Of Life and Limbs

Susan Schiefelbein's recent article in *Saturday Review* ["The Miracle of Regeneration," July 8] was very well done. I was disappointed, however, to discover that she failed to mention the liver. For years it has been known that if 70 percent of this organ is removed from normal mammals, complete regeneration takes place—within days for rats; weeks for dogs; and within months for man. This biological phenomenon is currently under intense investigation in many of this country's research laboratories.

Certainly regrowth of limbs is dramatic and it quite justly merits your attention. However, few people die for lack of an arm or a leg. If hepatitis or noxious agents were to destroy large parts of one's liver, death would ensue were it not for this organ's remarkable capacity to renew itself.

Dr. Charles G. Child, III
Professor of Surgery
Emory University
Atlanta, Ga.

I read with the greatest interest and pleasure Susan Schiefelbein's fine piece on regeneration. I was particularly pleased that she dug up what has always seemed to me a most important but somewhat neglected contribution to this significant field from Mark Singer. I daresay, though, that the whole concept of regeneration began with John Hunter's remarkable observation that wounds tend to heal. It is the biologic principle on which all surgery rests and the philosophic principle on which regeneration may be understood.

John L. Dusseau
Philadelphia, Pa.

Phrasing Out

I thoroughly enjoyed Thomas Middleton's "Phrasal Verbs to Trip Out On" [Light Refractions, July 8]. I agree completely that young people must be taught the nomenclature of the language, or the "labels" as he puts it.

I was also interested in the expressions "phrasal verbs" and "adverbial particles" to describe what I had always thought of as "verb complements." The Germans, however, have an even better expression: separable verb. The preposition, or adverb, is always cited with the verb part when the infinitive is given. For example, "aufmachen" means to open. Used in a sentence, the separable prefix is placed at the end: "Dieter macht die Haustür auf." (Dieter is opening the front door.) Germans aren't quite as inventive when it comes to far-out expressions such as "blissed out," but they do have several of them.

James F. Norman
Lexington, Mich.

Filets of Lish

It is not very often that my belly laughs, but it did while reading Gordon Lish's "Tied to the Steak" [Oh, Cuisine!, July 22]. It is a gem.

John Schowalter
New Haven, Conn.

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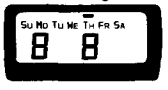
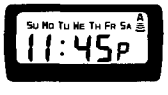


Correct date is August 8th

24 Hour Alarm

Of all the features available in digital watches today, an alarm system like this is the one that's most wanted. And no wonder. It will wake you; remind you of your appointments, phone calls and meetings (or break one up that's been going on too long). It's really important enough all by itself to warrant your getting a new watch.

You can set this alarm for any minute of any hour. Day or night. In all, 1440 positions are available—easily and instantly. Then, unless you change or deactivate it, the alarm will sound for a full minute at the same time every day. With an insistent, though pleasant, beep. When the alarm is set, an A appears on the face. To check the time it'll go off, just touch the alarm button.



Set to ring at 11:45 P.M.

The Chronograph System

As to the chronograph, or split-second timer, it's precision is so fine, it borders on the infinitesimal. Imagine, it enables you to time an event for up to an hour to one-hundredth of a second... and beyond that, for a full 24 hours, to the second! On top of which, you can time an event in memory, keeping the regular time of display until you need the chronograph readout. Then, as you'll see in the explanation to the far right, the chronograph measures or stops time, in an extraordinary variety of ways.

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Timed to 54 minutes and 14.85 seconds

#1 Add Time... is the stop watch mode. You'll use it to time everything from a phone call to the length of a meeting. How long your car's been at a parking meter, the time you've been jogging or exercising, even the time it takes a quarterback to set up and throw. With Add Time, you can stop when necessary, like a time out in basketball, and start again when the action begins. Try it the next time you prepare a speech.

#2 Split Time... is the mode you'll use to get the time of each contestant across the finish line, or to get the time for the ¼ or the ½ or any interim. On Split Time the chronograph is actually stopped and running at the same time, so you can use it to figure the time of a pit stop, for example, and still get the over-all time of the race.

#3 Twin Timing... Most extraordinary of all, you can actually combine these functions, using your chronograph as both a stopwatch and split timer. For example, a television producer would start timing a show, he then stops and starts the chronograph to get the time of the commercial, writes down the figure, and starts the chronograph again, which jumps ahead to the total elapsed time. With an ordinary or analog stopwatch, you'd need two sets of hands to do this—and would probably have to pay more for just a stopwatch than for the LCD Alarm Chronograph.

You'll find the chronograph so easy to use, you'll master it in minutes, and in days find innumerable business and personal uses. Take 30 days to prove it to yourself.

Be sure to specify white or gold. You'll have the precise time, absolute control over time, plus ample warning when it's time to do anything. And the pride that comes with wearing a watch that's second to none.

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LETTERS

Because of his age and his evident commitment to self-justification, Gordon Lish's habits are probably beyond changing and his plight hopeless.

One of the redeeming features of New York life, however, is the Fresh Air Fund which might help his poor children discover, before it's too late, what real food fresh from garden to kitchen to table can be. I suggest these children be put on the waiting list immediately.

Marcia Blumenthal
Indianapolis, Ind.

Gordon Lish replies: It's true—life can always teach you something and you never know where the next piece of instruction's going to come from. For example, Indiana. I mean, I opened the family atlas to the map of the U.S., and there it was, a thing called Indiana, big as life. Many thanks for the author of the forgoing letter.

Beach Affronts

Anthony Wolff's biased article ["Who Owns America's Beaches?" July 22] completely ignores the question of the responsibilities that accompany "rights" and the problem of conflicting rights of different segments of the public. Doesn't he realize that when the public takes possession of a beach it is rendered uninhabitable for others by motorcycles, transistor radios, all-night spotlights, noise, and litter?

There is no public. There are only people, and groups of people, some responsible, and some not. Wolff seems entirely oblivious of the complex issues facing those who must protect the rights of responsible citizens.

Elizabeth Erickson
Sunnyvale, Calif.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER 16 PUZZLES

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 155 (page 63)

(W.W.) ROSTOW: GETTING FROM HERE TO THERE

Dr. Samuel Johnson once observed: "Depend on it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully." The quadrupling of international oil prices ... certainly had the effect of concentrating the minds of public servants, energy experts, and economists.

Wit Twister No. 126 (p. 37): panel, Nepal, plane, penal

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 115 (page 36): Abstainer: a weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

—Ambrose Bierce

Horowitz - Live!

The New York Philharmonic. Zubin Mehta, conducting. Sunday, September 24, on NBC-TV.

The concert of the year. The brightest event of the new television season.

It happens Sunday, September 24—live from Lincoln Center—when the legendary pianist Vladimir Horowitz performs Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of its new conductor, Zubin Mehta.

This special concert continues the celebration of the 50th anniversary year of Maestro Horowitz's American debut with the Philharmonic. It's part of a tradition of fine music programming by the Bell System that began with sponsorship of the memorable Bell Telephone Hour.

More good news: starting in 1979, and continuing for the next several years, the Bell System will sponsor the tours of some of America's finest symphony orchestras, reaching cities, towns and universities across the land. Watch for performance dates in your area.

And don't forget to be watching Sunday evening for Vladimir Horowitz, the New York Philharmonic and Zubin Mehta. An outstanding television event.

Sunday, Sept. 24, 5-6 p.m., EDT
NBC-TV

Bell System

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Economic Research Bureau Warns:

THERE ARE SIX DEADLY ASSUMPTIONS THAT COULD WIPE YOU OUT

. . And You're Already Making Four of Them!

(Washington, D.C.) A major economic crisis is about to hit the United States, and our government is not going to be able to head it off. This is the controversial opinion of Dr. Gary North, the executive director of the American Bureau of Economic Research, the nationally known research organization. In fact, Dr. North argues, the government's own policies are the source of the coming collapse.

"The U. S. economy is a house of cards," Dr. North asserts, "but people who didn't go through the Great Depression can't believe that such a thing is possible any more. We have raised up a generation of Americans who simply won't know what to do when the crisis hits. Their grandparents remember what real hardship is, but the kids don't want to think about it."

"The Six Deadly Assumptions"

Millions of Americans, young and old, are making assumptions about the future that are dangerously optimistic. Dr. North calls these "the six deadly assumptions." A lot of people believe in all six, he says, and practically everyone believes in at least four. The six assumptions are these:

1. **"My pension can actually be paid off."**
2. **"The Social Security system isn't bankrupt."**
3. **"The Federal government insures the present and future value of my bank account."**
4. **"A depression is impossible today."**
5. **"My guaranteed annuity is safe."**
6. **"The government will control inflation."**

If you have made even **one** of these assumptions, and you refuse to rethink your premises, Dr. North warns, "you are headed straight for disaster."

"Special Report"

Dr. North's detailed predictions about the immediate economic future, plus his analysis of the six deadly assumptions and how to escape their consequences, are now available in a special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

The government will soon be issuing a new currency, he says: ration coupons. He also predicts crippling shortages. Whole sections of the economy will go bankrupt. Unemployment in these industries will skyrocket. Businessmen who have not learned the techniques of capital preservation under price controls will have a terrible time. "As always, sharp traders who know in advance what is coming will clean up," he predicts.

Dr. Gary North

Will the Government Suppress his Report?

Dr. North claims that his special report gives you the techniques that will "beat the paralyzed markets." He says you have to know about timing, shifting markets, hidden sources of supplies, and barter. "These techniques are really not that hard to master once you know what they are, but they aren't obvious to most people. You have to be taught."

Dr. North admits that very few people will take the steps necessary to protect themselves. "This is why the little guy always gets sheared. People refuse to act until it is way too late. They won't read a survival manual like ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.*** But for those who do, and who follow its advice, the coming crisis should be a time of tremendous opportunity. For some people, it will be a true bonanza."

"The Government Will Suppress This Report"

Dr. North is pessimistic about the long-run prospects for his report. He is convinced that the government will eventually take steps to restrict its circulation. "My report shows people how to beat the controls. The bureaucrats resent this. After all, what good are the controls, from the government's point of view, if people know how to short-circuit them? That's what my report is all about."

About the time that most people finally figure out that a crisis has hit and that they desperately need the information in his report, Dr. North says, the government will force it off the market. "People always think they can get special information anytime they need it, but they can't. If they wait too long, they will have to pay through the nose to get it."

There are still some important ***loopholes*** that the government has neglected to close, Dr. North insists, but they won't be available forever. "That's why the people who act now will make the big money. Those who wait around will **pay** the big money." If you hesitate now, concludes Dr. North, "you're asking for trouble."

Dr. North's special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls***, is being distributed by the American Bureau of Economic Research. It sells for $10. To order, fill out the coupon below.

GUARANTEE: If the government should prohibit further sales of Dr. North's report while your check is in the mail, the American Bureau of Economic Research will return your check by first class mail within one working day of its arrival. The Bureau cannot guarantee to send you the actual report if the government acts before you do. **Immediate action on your part is strongly recommended to insure that you receive Dr. North's report.**

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Red Man's Revenge

If there's any truth to the slogan linking the nation's fate to Maine's, the nation may be in for quite a free-for-all in the near future. In what used to be one of the country's sleepiest corners, a tribe of Indians is suing to reclaim more than half the land in the state; the federal government, on behalf of the Indians, is suing the state over 350,000 acres of state-owned land; and politicians, liberal as well as conservative, are waxing jingoistic as they vie with one another to protect the citizenry from fiscal scalping.

The drumbeat began in 1975, when 3,500 Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians won a suit they had filed to make the federal government represent them in their claims against the state, which, they asserted, had unjustly confiscated Indian land 200 years ago. Negotiations between the Indians and Maine failed to produce a settlement, which led to the curious result that federal attorneys are now battling state attorneys over some of the choicest park territory in the state. And while the feds work over the locals, Indian attorneys are seeking 10 million acres—or appropriate compensation—from private and corporate landowners.

One of the most bizarre aspects of the brouhaha is that it could be avoided. In February of this year, the Indians offered to relinquish their claims to the land for $25 million, payable over 15 years, or roughly $1.7 million a year. Since the state government already gives the Indians that sum annually in social services, a payment which the $25 million settlement would terminate, the offer seems almost ludicrously generous. But the state turned it down.

The proposal was rejected by Attorney General William Brennan, the front-runner in the gubernatorial campaign. Brennan has been scoring points with his get-tough stance against the Indians, even threatening to cut off the annual payment. In the senatorial race, liberal Congressman William Cohen has jumped on the anti-Indian bandwagon, while incumbent Joseph Hathaway alone has had the temerity to advocate a negotiated settlement.

Should anti-Indian sentiment prevail, which seems likely, the state may be left facing years of expensive litigation, with an uncertain outcome. Maine governor Hugh Longley imported one of the fastest guns in Washington, lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, to advise him on how to shoot down the Indian claim. Williams's advice was never made public, but when he sneaked back to Washington with nary a public word, rumors circulated that he had advised negotiation. Governor Longley remains mum on that score.

Meanwhile, the Indians and their federal sidekicks are enjoying better luck with their other claim, the one involving the better part of the state. The claim has been partitioned into two parts, one challenging holders of less than 50,000 acres, the other for larger blocks of land. In the first case, the federal government has bought off the Indians to the tune of $25 million, a compensation which must be approved by Congress. In the latter case, dealing primarily with timberland owned by seven paper companies, the government has brought the sides together for negotiations. Chances of the Passamaquoddys and Penobscots regaining the wilderness look dim; but unless the Indians are satisfied with the corporations' offer, they can head for the courtroom, dragging federal attorneys behind them.

Elsewhere, Indian lawyers are prosecuting 13 other land claims throughout the East, while storm clouds gather over the Mohawk....

Paul Richer

Iron-Clad Contracts

Can you read a nation's mood by the kinds of products it sells abroad? It seems that till recently our balance-of-payments position was being buoyed considerably by our exports to Third World countries of crime-control paraphernalia—leg irons, thumbscrews, handcuffs, and such. But now the Commerce Department has stepped in and ruled that except for NATO nations, all countries importing such crime-inhibiting materials must obtain a special license. If you know anyone from a non-NATO nation that's heavily into leg irons and thumbscrews, pass the word.

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Going... going... gone!

Even the Neiman-Marcus catalog has never offered a genuine, functional water tower; especially not for $1. But it could be yours, yes, yours alone, at the low, low price of one measly dollar, if you contact Mrs. Margie Briggs, secretary to the city administrator of Harrisonville, Missouri. The tower can hold 100,000 gallons of water—or the fluid of your choice—it retails for $125,000, and is about to be torn down by the city, which no longer needs it, at a cost of $20,000. So, if you have liability insurance, and are willing to haul the tower away to the location of your choosing, act now, before the offer runs out. Void where prohibited.

M.P., Keep Thy Seat

Former members of Congress, along with retired generals, have little trouble sliding out of their public offices into lucrative private ones. Not so former Members of (British) Parliament—and rightly not, according to a report issued recently by a London firm of management consultants. Ex-M.P.s, the firm concluded after interviews with British businessmen, are notably unemployable. They are regarded as unreliable; addicted to politics and always seeking a way back into Parliament; lacking in courage, as demonstrated by frequent votes that follow party lines but violate their own convictions; and, all too often, "well-educated twits" lacking judgment and business sense.

The firm chairman conducted the survey after he had checked the qualifications of three dozen M.P.s who approached him seeking employment. Not one of them, he found, was suitable for any job in commerce or industry. "M.P.s spend a lot of time making decisions that will affect businessmen," the chairman said, in response to the high dudgeon raised by his survey, "but most of the time they don't know what they are talking about."

The importance of timely harvesting to fine wines.

One of the most important times of the year for any winery is the harvest season.

In order to make the best possible wine, we want to crush our grapes only at the very peak of their maturity. Our experience, of course, tells us approximately when each varietal grape will reach that point, but it is important that we know precisely when the grapes will reach that critical point of maturity.

Field Tests

In order to determine that critical point, about three weeks before estimated maturity, our field men take samples of grapes from the vineyards for testing.

From representative rows of vines, about 200 individual grapes are collected. They are taken from both sides of the row—from the top of the vines, from the bottom, and from both the inside and the outside.

These individual grapes together make up one sample which our field man "juices" on the spot.

He then makes his own sugar test of the juice, puts it in a cold box and sends it to our laboratory for more exact sugar testing, plus acid and pH analyses.

Laboratory Analyses

Some wineries test only in the field, but we feel this is too crucial a time in the making of fine wines to not follow through with as much care as possible.

These on-going analyses are each presented to meetings of the winemaker and the field man for their judgments. They pinpoint the exact time of maturity—that important moment when the complex flavor characteristics of the grape are at their peak.

From the results of these tests, our field men then schedule deliveries from our growers. Because of varying types of soil within a given vineyard certain areas may mature earlier. If the vineyard is a large one, these areas are picked first.

The Harvest Itself

Usually an entire varietal crop is picked within a one to two week period, allowing for differing times of maturity in the various areas.

Since we believe that, in order to capture the crop's optimum quality, grapes should be crushed within four hours after picking, all our grapes are scheduled for delivery to the winery no later than three hours after picking.

Final Inspection

When grapes are delivered to any winery, a State Inspector is standing by to check the sugar content and physical defects.

But what is more unusual is that we have the winemaker—the man responsible for that particular wine—also standing by to check on quality.

We know of no other winery that does this.

Even though other knowledgeable people have passed a particular load of grapes, if the winemaker for any reason feels that they are not perfectly suited for his wines, he can, and does, reject them.

Our Purpose

The care we take at harvest time is typical of all our efforts to achieve our goal.

Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"
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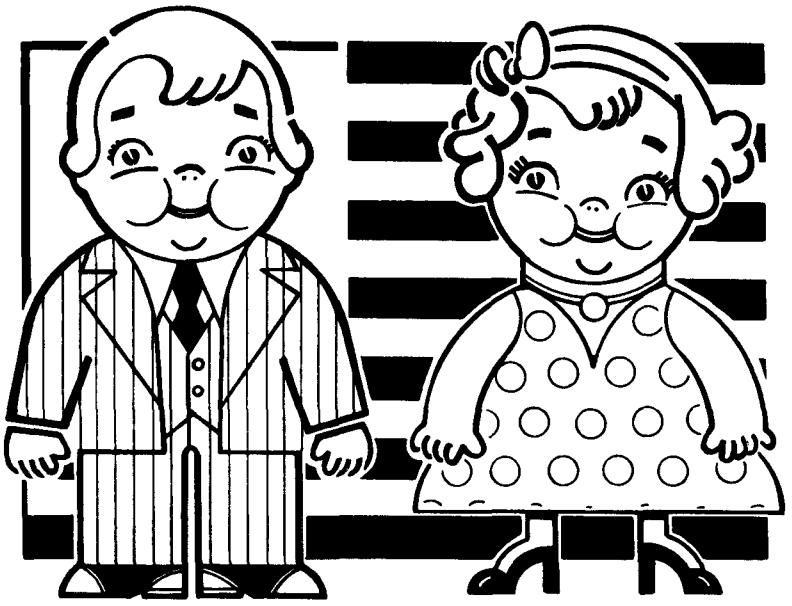

What's the Matter With Kids Today?

The extension of the franchise to 18-year-olds may turn out to be the greatest boon in recent history for the Republican Party. The Somnolent Seventies have whelped a stodgy generation; and a new study suggests that young people are growing more and more enchanted with the familiar trappings of the American dream. According to an unreleased study by the American Council of Life Insurance, an astonishing 65 percent of Americans between the ages of 14 and 18 want to adopt "the kind of life that this society has typically offered"—a good job, a family, a nice neighborhood, and involvement in community affairs. Only 13 percent found that prospect "intolerable." A comparable sampling in 1976, involving 2,300 teenagers, registered their approval and disapproval of the good life at 57 percent and 10 percent, respectively.

As if this weren't offense enough to the tormented shades of the Sixties, a question about primary goals showed career fulfillment and family life making rapid gains over "the opportunity to develop as an individual"—even the "me generation" totters in the winds of conventionality. While the desire for self-development as the paramount goal of life has remained roughly stable at 45 percent of the sampling, the quest for a fulfilling career has risen from 9 percent to 13 percent, while the ultimate preference for a happy family life has made gains from 31 percent of the total to 34 percent.

The Council's Senior Research Associate, Bob O'Connor, cautions that belief in the value of such social bellwethers as marriage and religion has remained stable and strong throughout the period covered by the surveys; but he does detect "more interest in the standard bourgeois lifestyle" among the young.

Indeed, nostalgic readers may be gratified as the present generation of younglings pulls into maturity. The future may resemble a nonstop rerun of "The Dick van Dyke Show." Look for a heavy write-in campaign for Eisenhower in 1980.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run bylines with items, or return unused submissions.
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Using a Lawyer May Be Dangerous to your Wealth

I'm a lawyer myself—and I may be cutting my own throat—but I'm going to tell you the truth:

The bulk of what most lawyers do could be done by someone who had never seen the inside of a law school—and usually is.

Lawyer's *secretaries* do most of the work on wills, divorces (as well as annulments and legal separations), bankruptcies and creditor plans, simple contracts, real estate deals (buying, selling, and leasing), run-of-the-mill personal injury cases, adoptions, filing home steads, insurance claims, minor criminal cases . . . and the list goes on and on.

And what do these Legal Secretaries do? They follow directions and fill in the blanks on forms. That's all. It's as simple as that.

That's why I think you may be ready to try being your *own* lawyer—and save a 'ton' of money.

But before you decide, answer these two questions: (1) Can you follow simple directions—no more complicated than assembling a Christmas toy or reading a cook book? (2) Do you have the few cents necessary to buy the correct forms at a Legal Stationery Store?

If your answer to both of those questions is "yes," you're *ready*. Well, *almost* ready. There are just two more things you should know:

(1) You don't necessarily have to have "the few cents necessary to buy the correct form at a Legal Stationery Store." Because I'll tell you how and where to get many of these forms *free*.

(2) You'll need a book. It's called "Do Your Own Legal Work." (And you *can* do your own legal work—no matter which State you live in!)

The book took more than a year to write. Based on what I've actually been earning in my law practice, that represents more than $100,000 worth of advice.

I mention that, not to brag, but so you'll know that I'm not some kid, fresh out of law school, and hungry for a few bucks. Along that line, you should know that I've been practicing for 13 years, and I've written the book about the legal problems I work with, day in and day out.

Some other things you might want to know: I've published technical legal articles that explain the law—to lawyers. I've served as a research assistant to a Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

What will it cost you to "hire" a lawyer with those qualifications? Ten dollars. Just about what I—and lots of other lawyers—would charge you for 10 *minutes* of legal advice.

Why so cheap? Because I hope to sell a million copies—or at least enough so I can take some time off and enjoy life with my family.

That's what's in it for me.

And here's just a sample of what's in it for *you* (including complete directions and sample forms you can practice with):

How to find and use forms . . . page 7

How to draft your own will . . . page 36

How to handle your own criminal case . . . page 72

How to settle your own accident or personal injury case . . . page 82

How to handle an adoption . . . page 99

How to dissolve your marriage . . . page 113

How to solve debt problems—from consumer-credit counseling to bankruptcy . . . page 127

How to draft a contract . . . page 209

How to handle real estate transactions . . . page 216

How you can use a Law Library—free—to avoid probate! . . . save taxes! . . . form a corporation! . . . and handle hundreds of other matters! . . . page 25

Now I'm not saying that you're never going to need a lawyer. I *am* saying that if you do need to see one, you'll be *ready* and be able to handle a lot of the simple, clerical work yourself. You'll save *his* time.

Here's an example of how my book will cut down on those precious minutes: For an attorney to draw up a simple contract might cost you $400 if he had to start from scratch. It could cost you $30 if he had to take only a half hour to review the work you'd already done—and *can* do, using my book.

Lawyers get $60 for husband-wife wills; I'll show you how to do your own in less than an hour. Lawyers charge $450 for a simple divorce which may take less than two hours of their time. Lawyers get between $3,000 and $4,500 for obtaining a $9,000 personal injury settlement. I'll show you how to do as well, or better, by yourself. Lawyers get $150 for an adoption, but their secretaries do the work—and so can you.

Your best guarantee that my book is everything I say it is, is this: My fellow lawyers will be watching me like a hawk. I wouldn't dare mis-step or mislead you. It could cost me my license.

What's more, I'm so sure you'll find my book *immediately* profitable—that I'll let you read it *before* you pay for it!

Send me your check or money order today—and I promise not to deposit it for 30 days. That should give you time enough to look it over and decide whether to keep it or return it. If you do return it, I'll send back your *uncashed* check or money order.

At worst, you'll be out a few cents for postage. Seems like a pretty small risk for a book that I honestly believe could save you thousands of dollars in legal fees.

Why not fill out and mail the coupon now? Post-date your check if you want to. I won't cash it for 30 days anyway.

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American Business Should Stay in South Africa

by Roger M. Williams

Johannesburg

ALMOST A DECADE after the height of the Vietnam War, American campuses are again alive with political protest. This time the target is the American corporation and its investments in South Africa. While no one yet imagines the protests reaching a Vietnam-like crescendo, the corporations and universities involved are frustrated, embarrassed, and worried. Several large universities have announced their intention of selling the portfolio shares they hold in corporations and banks doing business in that country [see box]. Business firms have made changes—substantive or cosmetic—in their South African operations to relieve what is becoming a corporate headache.

The issue reaches far beyond the campuses and board rooms. It has become a nagging concern for the members of the Carter administration and Congress who are wrestling with the questions of whether and how to force American corporations to be aggressive advocates of progress in South Africa or to get out of the country altogether. Several bills that would cut off tax credits and deny government-guaranteed loans to U.S. firms operating in South Africa are already before Congress. And pressure is being exerted on the administration to sever trade relations—despite the fact that South Africa provides the West with strategic minerals.

All this is being played out against an unusual background of public emotion. To American liberals and many moderates, South Africa's government ranks as the world's most offensive regime, symbol and substance of blatant racism and outmoded white colonialism that have no place in the framework of nations. Although conservatives seldom say so straight out, they see the same government as fighting for the survival of white nation-builders against the demands of blacks who have neither the right nor the ability to rule the country; the specter of Communist domination, about which conservatives do talk straight out, adds to their reluctance to apply pressure for fundamental change in South Africa.

Two weeks in South Africa, talking with whites and blacks, Americans and South Africans and others, lead me to this conclusion: American business is not supporting apartheid, either deliberately or in effect, but is helping swell the rivulets of change that may one day join to radically alter South African society and that, in the meantime, will at least mitigate the shocking conditions under which black people live there.

Some 350 American firms, with book-value holdings of approximately $1.7 billion, now operate in South Africa. The United States ranks as South Africa's leading partner in trade, its second largest overseas investor (after Great Britain), and the supplier of roughly one-third of its foreign credit. More than half of *Fortune*'s top 100 companies have subsidiaries in South Africa, and among them are many of the biggest names in American (and multinational) business. American firms control outsized shares of some highly important markets: 23 percent of the automobile market, 43 percent of petroleum, and 70 percent of computers, according to a report issued late last year by the Washington-based Investor Responsibility Research Center. U.S. banks have extended loans and credits totaling about $2 billion to South African companies and governmental entities. Our federal government has a deep involvement, too, through insurance and loan guarantees provided by the Export-Import Bank, credits granted to U.S. corporations for taxes paid abroad, and the power to embargo items of trade.

American business, therefore, touches many elements of South African life. It has an important bearing on questions that are central to the country's future: Can the white regime be expected ever to bring the black majority into full participation in South African society? Even if the regime permits change to evolve, is sufficient evolution possible, or is violent revolution inevitable? Do foreign corporations have any legitimate and valuable role in an evolutionary process?

SOUTH AFRICAN SCENES: May Machaba, 35, slender, bearded, and black, stands in the bright autumn sunshine before his house in the Steelpoort Valley, 175 miles northeast of Johannesburg. Machaba is a shift supervisor at the Tubatse Ferrochrome smelter, which is half-owned and wholly managed by Union Carbide. His house, seven road miles from the smelter, is also owned and managed by Union Carbide. May Machaba says it is the finest house he's ever lived in—"something I never dreamt of"—and one can easily see why. Constructed of concrete block with a corrugated roof and small yards fore and aft, his house and others around it are sturdy and well maintained. The rooms seem uncomfortably small and drab. But compared to the large urban townships and to the primitive conditions in most of South Africa's basic metals industry, these houses are first-class. Along the road from the smelter, in fact, we pass more typical worker facilities, built a decade or more ago and still used by a local South African-run mining concern: little thatched huts called *kraals*, circular or rectangular, most with a single window and with floors made of a dirt and manure mixture.

The black housing area also contains a recreation center, with swimming pool and locker rooms, and an attractive, green-and-cream-colored primary school. A man whose children attend the school tells me it is one of the best schools for blacks in the entire republic; a large claim, but given the dreadful state of black South African schooling, not difficult to believe.

A few miles across the valley sits Tubatse's white housing area. The dwellings and plots are larger, the appointments nicer, and there are tennis courts and paved streets. Racism at work? Yes and no. Whites have higher-paying jobs at Tubatse, as everywhere else, so they can afford higher rents. They have tennis courts because they play tennis; the blacks play soccer, and their recreation area includes a soccer field (May Machaba is goalie on the company team). In any case,

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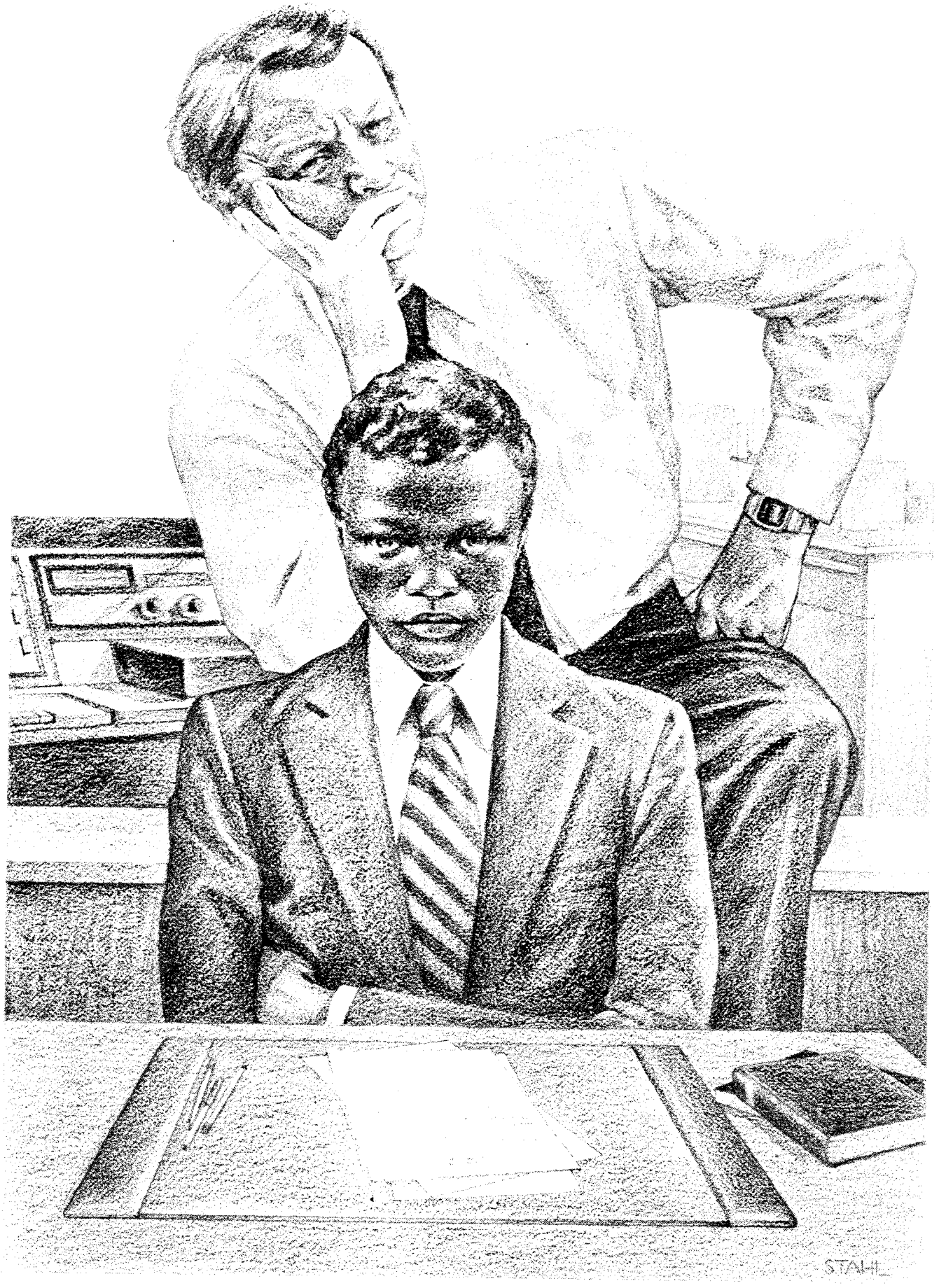

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living in those smaller houses represents a much bigger step up for Tubatse's blacks than living in the larger ones represents for its whites.

Tubatse Ferrochrome employs about 400 blacks. American companies in South Africa generally pay their lowest-level workers well above the government-determined "minimum living level." In Union Carbide's case, it is 25 percent above; that means an income of about $160 a month plus a month's bonus at the end of the year. Seventeen categories higher, the pay averages about $740 a month. There are no longer wage differentials between blacks and whites, and although it is true that few blacks currently hold jobs in the highest categories, they are being trained for and gradually moved into them.

In the South African workplace, responsibility is as significant a measure of progress as wages, and here the Tubatse record looks very impressive. The smelter has four computerized operations, and all four are manned by blacks. In addition, they work in the quality-control lab, manipulate cranes and other heavy equipment, and direct the crews that "tap" the blazing furnaces to remove the chrome and slag. "We tap these furnaces an average of seven times a shift," Don Legg, general manager of the smelter, tells me. "No place else in the world does it that often." Tubatse also has an excellent safety record, despite groundless warnings that black workers would not wear safety glasses because of tribal superstition. Union Carbide is so pleased with the performance at Tubatse that it plans to make the smelter an essentially black-run facility.

There is one jarring bump on Tubatse's road to racial progress: segregated locker rooms for the workers. Legg explains that the Mines and Works Act "requires" segregation. But I know, and Legg knows, that American firms ignore such requirements all the time. This is one of many examples of management's giving in to pressures—real or fancied—from the white work force. The give-ins are often rationalized as being necessary to avoid friction, even violence, in the plants, and at times perhaps they are. In any case, the results can be almost funny. Taking "whites only" and "blacks only" signs off rest-room doors, some companies have substituted doll-like figures in colors that get the same point across. General Motors has become famous for putting a blue figure on a rest room intended for Orientals; G.M., like the government, doesn't quite know how to classify Orientals. Other companies have made an elaborate process of taking down the partitions that traditionally have separated black, white, and colored* dining areas. At the Ford Motor Company, the process has been unfolding in carefully timed stages, like the explosion of a nuclear device; during one stage, a soft-drink dispenser was "casually" placed in the no-man's-land between the separate dining areas so that everybody would have to refresh himself on common ground.

IN A BACK ROOM at the American Cultural Center in Johannesburg, I talk with three black "radicals." In light of the endless "detentions" of persons who advocate black rights, even the most moderate of advocates must exercise great care these days. The Cultural Center (formerly the USIS) is safe ground. The three blacks—two journalists and a businessman/writer—tell me I may use their names, but I decide not to. To advocate disinvestment by foreign corporations is to risk prosecution under the rightly feared Terrorism Act. There is no point in subjecting these three people to that, especially since they are so cooperative in speaking with me.

All three say emphatically that the cause of South African blacks will be best served if U.S. corporations stop investing in the country's economy. "If American business gets out and stays out," says the writer, "at least one arm will have been cut off from a very sick body. The fact that American plants give us jobs is not a good reason for being here. The best jobs go to whites and the chances of that changing are very slim. What does American business do here except help strengthen the existing regime?"

That rhetorical question poses the major argument made by advocates of disinvestment, in the United States as well as in South Africa, and the first journalist emphasizes it: "All foreign investment simply serves to prop up the regime. They make some improvements for their workers, but the improvements are solely intended to justify their companies' presence in South Africa and are of no benefit to the black community as a whole." The second journalist adds: "These companies were taking advantage of cheap labor and a ready market. That's why they came here. And whether they stay or leave, they're not helping us." The first journalist again: "People talk about 'creating a black middle class.' I don't mind that, but I don't want a middle class created at the expense of the black masses."

Revolution per se is not mentioned, but the businessman/writer declares: "Moving to the point of bloodshed is inevitable. The hurt that we're getting now—the ridiculous thing of pushing us into so-called homelands*—will drive us to that."

PORT ELIZABETH, on the southeastern coast. "South Africa's Detroit." Windswept beach, dingy little airport, Ford and General Motors and assorted other giants of the automotive industry. A tough town where street crime is common, blacks are outspoken, and the agents of BOSS, the ruthlessly efficient security police, are said to be even more vigilant than elsewhere. (The late Steven Biko was mortally abused here.) Shortly before I arrived, the *Christian Science Monitor* reported that Port Elizabeth BOSS agents were demanding of foreign companies that they fire politically troublesome blacks and stop contributing to organizations that promote black interests; executives with whom I spoke disclaimed knowledge of such demands.

Ford has a good reputation for black personnel relations, and the reputation is confirmed by two local labor leaders, one of whom heads the company's "liaison committee," or black union. Ford gets high marks for paying blacks decently, promoting them to better jobs, and recognizing their right to organize. The committee head, John Mke, tells me a fine story about how the company conspired with black unionists to secure the dues check-off (automatic company deduction), a vital organizing tool forbidden to blacks under South African law. The only legal deduction from a black man's paycheck is for burial insurance. So the company arranged with the insurance fund serving Ford workers to

An assortment of South Africans of mixed racial ancestry are designated "colored." Among them are descendants of 17th- and 18th-century unions between Dutch settlers and indigenous Hottentots. The 2.4 million coloreds have been granted higher social and political status than blacks; for example, they are permitted to own property and they are allowed to live in some otherwise all-white areas.

The homelands are black-only areas now being established by the government as theoretically independent entities. Under the homelands policy, each of the nation's 18 million blacks will "belong" to one homeland or another, although he will be permitted to live in urban townships when the white regime wants his labor. The homelands will add up to 13 percent of South Africa's land (for blacks who comprise 80 percent of the population).

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deduct dues along with premiums and to rebate the dues to the committee.

"We assume the government is aware of the arrangement," says a company official blandly, "and we understand that it's expressed some reservations." Veefook Ah Shene, an officer of the colored motor assembly union, says: "Ford simply wanted to be certain that 50 percent of the black workers wanted a union. Once we showed 50 percent, they were with us."

Ford has attacked the black personnel situation with corporate gusto, drawing up a detailed ten-year plan that involves quarterly progress reports to stateside headquarters. To spur progress, it has assigned as full-time "coordinator" a white Briton named Ian Hayhoe, who is cheerfully Messianic in approach. Hayhoe will tell visitors more than they want to hear about how Ford is adhering to the so-called Sullivan plan, a set of principles for dealing with black personnel to which more than 100 American firms operating in South Africa now subscribe.*

In fact, Ford is in numerous respects going beyond the guidelines—and in some cases South African law—to train blacks for artisan positions, to place them in jobs where they supervise whites, and to carry on a beyond-the-plant program that is almost dazzlingly paternalistic. Under the ten-year plan, increasing numbers of blacks and coloreds will be trained for a broad range of desirable jobs, from skilled technician to foreman to secretary to junior member of management. Secretarial training is now exclusively for nonwhites, and the graduates are being assigned to white executives, whether the executives like that or not. The salaried staff now includes 106 nonwhites, up from 62 a year ago. A high official of Ford says a black will be at the managerial level "within a year, and he won't be a 'show nigger,' a guy whose picture we can put in magazines back in the States. He'll be somebody who can and will do his job."

Ian Hayhoe can't wait to drive me around Kwaford, the black township in which the company has recently taken a zealous interest (the name in Zulu means "of Ford"). Housing is Hayhoe's special pride. Some 50 units of boxy, prefab housing have already been occupied, and 250 more are on the way. They will include a number of "prestige" houses—larger, more expensively built units that Ford will offer to its expanding force of higher-paid blacks and coloreds. Ford also has a plan, awaiting government approval, for raising mortgage money for black workers who want to buy their houses; that is important psychologically in a country where blacks own little, not even—by law—a piece of land.

The emphasis on housing seems sound. With income levels constantly rising among nonwhites in Port Elizabeth's large factories, the ability to pay for a decent house has outstripped the ability to find one. The rest of the extracurricular efforts, including scholarships, social clubs, and a garden club competition, have about them a paternalistic sense, as if industrial barons were trying to atone for decades of social guilt with an instant re-creation of American suburbia. But the blacks will tell you that they want those suburban trappings, and who can blame them? As a sign in a black grocery puts it, "things go better with big, big Coke."

Across town from Ford, at Firestone Tire & Rubber, sits G. Peter Morum, a crusty Afrikaner* who has been with Fire-

*Named after the Rev. Leon Sullivan, a Philadelphia civil-rights activist who serves on the board of General Motors, the principles call for, among other things, equal pay and stepped-up training and promotion for nonwhites; integration of eating, comfort, and work facilities; recognition of black unions; and "improvement in the quality of employees' lives outside the work environment."

*Afrikaners are the Dutch-descended people who have in effect run South Africa since the mid-17th century. They comprise roughly two-thirds of the white population (most of the rest being British), and they dominate the political and social life of the country. Armed with a distinctive language and a fervent belief in both the Bible and the separation of races, the Afrikaners form one of the world's most stubbornly determined ruling groups.

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stone South Africa for 33 years and managing director for the past seven. Morum has a reputation as being outspokenly against application of the Sullivan principles to South Africa, and after a dose of Ian Hayhoe, he seems refreshingly, if antiquatedly, sour on the whole notion of American corporations deliberately aiding black progress.

"Yes, I was a holdout against signing the Sullivan plan," Morum says, "for two reasons. First, signing is almost an admission that you've been acting badly all these years. Second, the principles should be applied all over the world, to the Communist countries, for instance, not just to South Africa—and we signed with that proviso." Morum makes clear that he gave in, last February, only after heavy pressures from the United States.

Referring to a handwritten list, Morum perfunctorily answers my questions about Firestone's record of upgrading black wages and working conditions. It is a poor record compared to Ford's, but Morum neither apologizes for it nor tries to make it look impressive. Asked about putting blacks into management positions, he replies, "We have plans, yes, but on an individual basis. My job is to make some money for the shareholders, and all these peripheral concerns don't help." Unlike many other top executives, he does not give even lip service to the idea of preferential treatment for blacks: "We'll make a conscientious effort to move them along—because of necessity. We need them in those jobs."

IN JOHANNESBURG, a black junior executive and I, thrown together by chance, talk for 15 minutes. Several minutes are spent feeling each other out, the rest in a rush of urgent conversation that brought home to me, as nothing else did, the emasculated half-world of the black who labors in the low echelons of U.S. South African subsidiaries.

Now around 40, the man was the company's first salaried nonwhite. In five years with the company, he has been through a succession of training courses, but he has not been promoted and at this point doesn't expect to be. As he talks, his bitterness spills out: "I'll take my chances on merit, not preference because I'm black. But how long am I going to be held in this position? When will I be moved up, the way the whites are?"

With the lack of advancement goes lack of authority: "I am able to make so few decisions on my own, even in my area of responsibility. Often I'm not called to meetings involving our department or informed in advance about changes that affect me and my work. Even if I know that something, some way of doing things, is wrong, I must go to a white man to change it."

He talks briefly about how the white workers continue to maintain "their" toilets, despite official pronouncements to the contrary, and how the black side of the still-segregated cafeteria is "most unhygienic." But he adds quickly that these matters are trivial compared to promotion and pay scales: "I don't mind where I eat, because I know with whom I want to associate. I'm much more interested in the security of my job and my chances for advancement. You know," he says, returning to the problem of on-the-job impotence, "I don't think that's bad just for me. You feel the company is not using you for its own profit."

Then he excuses himself and leaves, and it is some time before I remember that he called me "sir" throughout our conversation.

How important to South Africa is the American business presence? More important, psychologically and symbolically, than absolute numbers make it appear. American companies employ roughly 100,000 South Africans (70 percent of them black), a mere one percent of the total work force; $1.7 billion, while an impressive figure, is a similarly small portion of the total value of South African business holdings. U.S. companies account for only 17 percent of the foreign investment in South Africa. The significance of that figure becomes clear when one considers the estimate by Arndt Spandau, a respected South African economist, that a 50 percent cut in foreign investment would produce only 90,000 unemployed and a 1.3 percent reduction in the nation's disposable income.

Drying up loans to South Africa would have a greater effect, although it would be hard to measure. Several dozen American banks, including many of the largest, have made loans to the South African government and South African industrial concerns. Some of these strengthen the nation's infrastructure and, by extension, perhaps its defensive capabilities.

A total trade embargo, as distinct from the military material sanctions now in effect, would have by far the greatest effect. According to Professor Spandau, "In 1976, a 50 percent trade boycott would have reduced South Africa's exports by nearly $5 billion. ... More than 1.1 million people would have become unemployed." But because of domestic political pressures and U.S. imports of vital minerals from South Africa, a total embargo is highly unlikely. As a Carter administration expert on southern Africa told me privately, "Nobody has wanted to fool with trade."

Spandau's calculations regarding withdrawal of industry are critical to a realistic assessment of American political leverage. Some zealous proponents of disinvestment have the idea that withdrawal would leave gaping holes in the South African economy. In fact, the holes would close quickly, and the biggest losers would be the Americans themselves.

Zac De Beer, a business executive and member of South Africa's liberal opposition, explains the process: "It would obviously be a buyer's market, what the Australians call 'buying back the farm.' The rest of the business community—South African firms and other multinationals—would move in looking for bargains, and the bargains would certainly be there. Normally a company sells for five to six times earnings, but in this forced-sale situation, it might go for three or four times." Even those reduced proceeds, De Beer added, would not necessarily be bankable in the United States: "The South African government, exercising exchange control powers, would determine the degree to which General Motors, say, could move the assets recovered from the sale. The government might say, 'We'll give you your money, but it'll take you ten years to get it out.' "

South Africa's modern, sophisticated economy already has demonstrated an ability to plug holes left by faltering foreigners. Between April and July of this year, South African corporations bought controlling interests in six British firms, at a total price approaching $200 million. With the possible exception of a few high-technology industries, which do not make up a large part of the American business presence, the South Africans and other foreign companies would experience no major difficulties in absorbing abandoned plants.

This explains why Spandau's projections on unemployment are so low. Because few divested companies would close permanently, few jobs—for blacks or for whites—would be lost. The workers involved, however, would be left to the often less-tender mercies of European, Japanese, and South African top managements.

The problem of equipment that aids repression would seem a poor reason for forcing out the companies that sell it—as well as other products that are wholly apolitical. South Africa surely can obtain computers for its secret police from companies other than IBM. The American part of the problem can be solved by adding selected items to the lists

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American campuses are again alive with political protest. This time the target is U.S. corporate investment in South Africa.

Protest on Campus

CAMPUS DEMONSTRATIONS over South African investment, which began early last year, resemble the antiwar protests of the Sixties. Students have occupied the offices of university presidents, stopped trustees from leaving board meetings, heckled political figures, and engaged university administrators in heated debate. At Stanford University, scene of the first major protest, nearly 300 students were arrested at a sit-in. The movement then became nationwide, returning to California last spring when Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda headlined a rally at Berkeley, the traditional West Coast haven for campus radicals. The same month, SDS organizer Mark Rudd appeared at New York's Columbia University, where he had led massive demonstrations 10 years earlier, to marshal support for the eastern drive to force American corporations out of South Africa.

On May 1, a symbolic day for left-wing activists, more than 750 people gathered at Columbia to clamor for disinvestment of its $80 million holdings in American corporations with South African interests. "It was a wild scene," says Columbia's President William J. McGill. "People were banging on the windows of Low Library, where the trustees were meeting." Subsequently, the trustees decided to sell Columbia's stocks and withdraw its deposits in banks that do not "announce their intention" to cease lending money to the South African government. While McGill says Columbia's decision was not a result of the efforts of student protesters, he concedes that "it would be wrong to say the demonstrations had no influence."

Similar pressures have moved other institutions. The University of Wisconsin announced that it would sell its holdings in companies that have not endorsed the Sullivan principles for upgrading the treatment of South African black workers. Smith College sold over 42,000 shares of Firestone stock after the company did not respond adequately to questions about its South African activities. Harvard and Tufts sold their stock in Citicorp and Manufacturers Hanover, banks which have made substantial loans to South Africa.

On the whole, however, the financial consequences of disinvestment have made most institutions wary of selling their securities. Princeton University estimates that the fees for unloading its $136 million holdings would approach 2½ percent of their value, nearly $3 million. Moreover, Princeton's financial advisers believe that the university, if it sold off the stocks of corporations with South African affiliations, would lose roughly $3.5 million per year because the stocks it would buy would yield less.

Most activists in the disinvestment movement are spiritually aligned with the antiwar protesters of the Sixties. Says Joel Sachs, a student organizer who devotes his time to South Africa: "We're questioning the basic structure of society and opposed to the tentacles of United States corporations." Even Dr. McGill, who believes students do not understand the subtleties of the disinvestment problem, predicts that the issue "has the potential to capture the idealism of students in the way the antiwar movement of the Sixties did."

Liberal church groups have also waged persistent campaigns against American business involvement. Unlike the students, who are focusing on universities and corporations, the churches are directing their efforts against banks making loans to the South African government and businesses operating there. These groups, which have substantial holdings in companies with South African subsidiaries, are attempting to use their clout as corporate stockholders. While shareholder resolutions calling for disinvestment are continually defeated, they have been gaining support; twice as many were proposed this year as in 1977. A resolution asking the First Boston Bank to stop lending to the South African government received over 8 percent of shareholder votes.

The church groups have also worked on Capitol Hill, where they compete with South Africa's vigorous registered lobbyists in the law firm of Collier, Shannon, Rill and Edwards. A group within the firm recently contacted nearly all the members of the House Banking Committee, which was considering a bill that would halt Export-Import Bank privileges for business activities in South Africa. Tim Smith, director of the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, believes church-group pressure has influenced the decisions of several banks to stop lending to the Republic of South Africa. Chemical Bank, Irving Trust, Manufacturers Hanover, Citibank, and Chase Manhattan have announced that—for the present—they will not make loans to the regime. Although bank spokesmen attribute these actions to many factors—including the risk of lending to what may become an unstable government—church groups feel triumphant.

—JONATHAN LIEBMAN

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embargoed under the U.S. Export Control Act or United Nations policy. In addition, through public pressures on stateside headquarters, corporations can be made to appreciate the social costs inherent in the sale of certain products. Polaroid terminated its South African franchise arrangements in 1977 after learning that the franchisee was selling the government film used to photograph blacks for their police passes. The same kind of public pressure, perhaps coupled with federal government sanctions, could be used to influence industrial site selection. Those arguing for disinvestment claim that some American companies at least unwittingly support the nefarious homeland scheme by locating plants in or at the edge of homeland areas.

Although arguments for and against disinvestment are frequently based on the alleged sentiments of South Africa's blacks, the fact is that black opinion is sharply divided. Pro-disinvestment sentiment is hard to fathom these days, because people are fearful of expressing it; but no impartial observer doubts that it exists in strength, particularly among the young and the better educated. Not surprisingly, blacks with a decent job or the prospect of one tend to value the economic opportunities that American companies represent. And some of them see well beyond pure self-interest. "If it [disinvestment] would change the government quickly, I'd say 'go ahead,' " Ford's John Mke told me. "But change will take years. In the meantime, how will we live? This is a white-dominated society, and breaking down its ways of thinking is going to take a long time."

Aside from the illogic of forcing American companies out of South Africa, is there reason to be satisfied with what they are doing there? I think the answer is yes—provided we don't misconstrue the nature or overestimate the importance of their involvement. Especially in an alien society, private enterprise is not, and cannot be made to be, an aggressive, steadfast agent for social change. A corporation is formed not to effect change but to sell goods. It can be pressured into treating its employees more equitably. But it can't be expected to openly challenge the laws and, as some would demand, the precepts of current South African society. Those who insist otherwise are trying to get a businessman to do a diplomat's—or a soldier's—job.

So, too, with the importance of American business involvement. The fact that the South African regime itself has endorsed the Sullivan principles should demonstrate conclusively that it fears little from social change in the workplace. The regime has its own, internal political strategies to spin out, and one of them calls for relaxing the strictures of so-called petty apartheid while keeping the right wing of the Nationalist party—even *more* right-wing than the ruling faction—reasonably content. If black workers care little about integrating plant cafeterias and toilets, the regime cares little more. Those who do care are reactionary white workers and their unions, and the latter exercise considerable influence in the Nationalist party. The same unions resist promotions and job training for blacks.

The regime does care, and deeply, about black trade unions and their possible use as bases for political activity. It is significant, therefore, that American companies have made the least headway in this area. Indeed, until last summer, the Sullivan principles did not even include recognition of black union rights, although full-fledged unions would themselves be able to bargain for many of the improvements that Sullivan and his cohorts want to see enacted. (Under South African law, black unions are barred from taking part in the normal industrial process.)

Even if the steps undertaken by American companies are not so daring as they might seem, they are nonetheless significant for the future of South African blacks. As America's own civil-rights advocates well understood, it is important to have the *right* to eat and go to the bathroom in common facilities, whether or not one chooses to do so. It is also important, for the long-term adjustment of the races to each other, to have blacks supervising whites, working as secretaries to white executives, and selling products to white customers. At the 3M plant, a longtime low-level black employee has been made manager of fleet operations, meaning that white salesmen who want to sell automobiles to 3M have to deal with—and please—a black man. Imagine the beneficial effect of such a position, multiplied many times over several years, on the attitudes of white middle-class South Africa.

Some of the companies' out-of-plant programs may well be as important as those within the plant. Housing is one, if only to help instill in blacks a sense of dignity and thereby raise their aspirations and expectations. Schooling is more vital still, and a good many American companies are helping to upgrade it for their black workers and the workers' children. Even Peter Morum, at Firestone, speaks warmly of his company's plan for underwriting the education of black engineering students. Less obviously self-interested is the program by which Colgate-Palmolive's South African subsidiary pays all school fees for the children of its black employees—an expense that the average employee has difficulty meeting. Colgate has "adopted" a particularly run-down school in the neighboring black township and has installed the lighting, heating, books, and even window panes that the government has not managed to provide. (Per capita expenditure for blacks in South Africa is one-sixteenth that for whites.)

Corporate efforts in behalf of working-class blacks have thus far been a good deal more laudable than those in behalf of blacks with management potential. The latter are still regarded as boys placed in a man's position—with a pat on the head and a nice notation on the charts that are sent back to stateside headquarters. But if blacks are ever to be effective participants in South African society, they must have a trained, sophisticated managerial class. Where better for that class to develop than in the ranks of American companies? With scant exception, however, the companies show no understanding of their role in developing managers. And they show an appalling blindness to the devastating effect that the give-'em-the-title-but-no-power policy has on the few black employees they do elevate.

Some blacks with whom I spoke are convinced that this corporate attitude is deliberate. But a large part of the problem, various sources told me, is that Afrikaners predominate in middle management in American corporations. Typically, a firm will have an Afrikaner personnel officer and a black assistant who is wholly dependent on him. Without the cooperation of his boss, and of the white colleagues with whom he must work, the black cannot hope to discharge the full responsibilities of his job and move up the ladder.

HELEN SUZMAN, LIBERAL LEADER in Parliament and for two decades a strong voice of conscience in South Africa, admits to having vacillated over the issue of American disinvestment. Not long ago she sat in the study of her sunny, spacious Johannesburg house and mused, "It depends on what you Americans want to achieve here—reform or punishment. Disinvestment, I'm afraid, will only punish, and so will revolution. Maybe I'm too old and out of touch, but I'm not for revolution. That's not a happy end, nor, probably, is it even possible."

Indeed, in the quiet, orderly streets of Johannesburg and even in the dusty, wretched Soweto, revolution seems light-years away. White liberals abroad talk, almost wistfully, about the onset of black urban terror, but that would hardly

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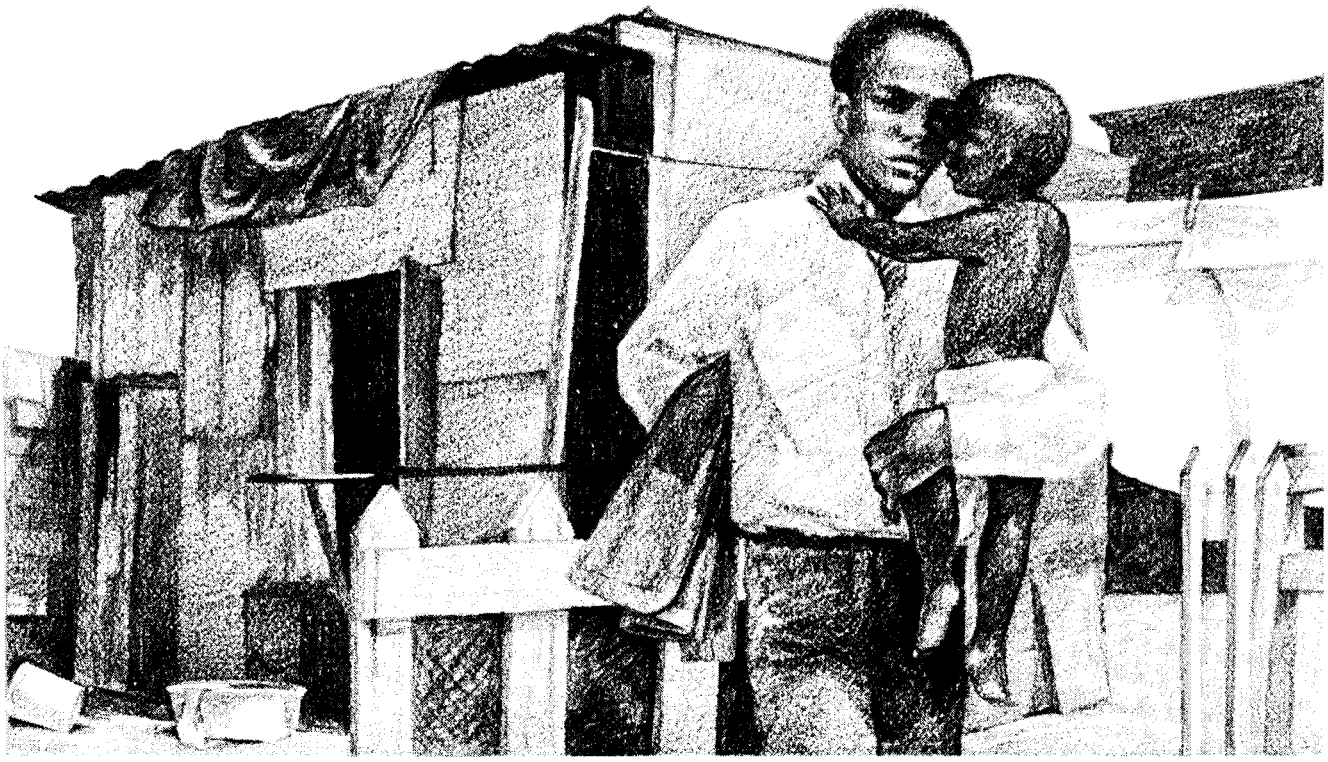

dent a regime as powerful as South Africa's. "We're really afraid of only one thing," an articulate white salesman told me in an airport coffee shop. "That's a Russian invasion. Anything else we can handle."

Militarily, yes. But the white South Africans' fear of Russia is matched by their desperate desire for American approval (they insist that they're part of the "free world"). So the United States can exercise great influence over South African events if it hits the right pressure points in the right way and if it takes advantage of concessions the regime is willing to make. While the forced withdrawal of U.S. corporations would be a futile gesture, the corporations should nonetheless be continually pressured to improve the lot of their black employees—in pay, in training, in job promotion, in community life, in the respect and responsibility that are due any person who does his job honestly and capably.

Pressure from the government and from private groups has produced notable results, and there is no reason to believe it won't continue to do so. It should be applied with particular firmness where a corporation's actions clearly benefit the South African regime or work to the detriment of nonwhites: making a loan to a company that produces instruments of repression, for example, or siting a new plant, without compelling reason, in a location that will foster the homelands policy.

Executives of several South African firms told me candidly that foreign companies can go a good deal farther in violating apartheid's laws of the workplace without bringing down the wrath of the regime. "A lot of us," says John McLean, former managing director of Colgate-Palmolive's subsidiary, "feel the government is quite willing to let us break down the barriers and then come along after." Break them down to a point, of course—a point whose limits are only generally discernible from the outside. Certainly the regime will balk at changes that threaten the white man's domination.

A government commission is about to recommend changes in national labor practices, and the best guesses have the commission calling for some relaxation of restrictions on black-worker organizing. Through selective, quietly applied pressures, especially from the U.S. government and American trade unions, these boundaries can be further expanded. One might think that American corporations would be little help in this enterprise, since many of them were attracted to South Africa by its low level of effective unionization. In fact, however, a substantial number of the larger firms seem perfectly willing to recognize and deal with "real" black unions.

If that development occurs, it could prove very important to the future of South African blacks—much more important than integrated toilets or cafeterias or the elevation of an educated few into management positions. Massive amounts of black labor are essential to the South African economy, and an organized, increasingly demanding labor force can provide the foundation for political action that South African blacks have never had. It can do more. It can, as a thoughtful reader wrote the *Economist* in May, "[make] irresistible the power of the African workers to wreck the apparently monolithic grip of Afrikanerdom over the South African polity...."

In the meantime, students, dissident stockholders, and other Americans with a genuine desire for change in South Africa should keep them cards and letters comin' in to the U.S. business establishment—and to universities of their choice. Corporations in this country are increasingly vulnerable to pressure in areas of social responsibility; and, as the record in South Africa shows, the pressure produces significant changes. American business can be used as a weapon against apartheid. That is not a role businessmen relish, but they can and should be made to play it. ◉

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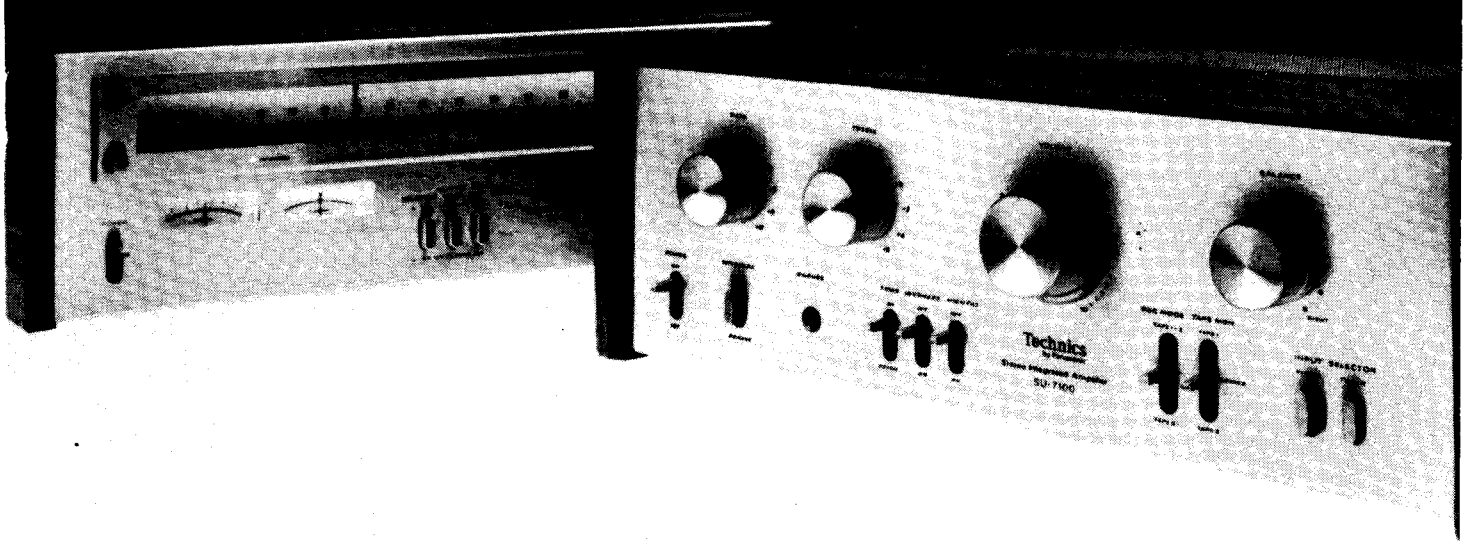

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ISSUES

Growing Your Own Fuel

By Norman Cousins

Through all the murk, confusion, and contradictions in the energy crisis, one dazzling fact is beginning to emerge. The American people have an excellent chance to free themselves of dependence on Arab oil, possibly within the next decade. A related fact of even greater importance is that, in the act of meeting their energy problems, the American people could be caught up in a new industrial revolution, the most significant and exciting feature of which could be a less centralized, more cooperative, and more creative way of life.

The newspapers and round-table discussions over television and radio create a grim picture of mighty nations grinding to a halt before long, their turbines and dynamos enveloped in a ghostly stillness for want of oil. Yet there is now realistic promise not just of energy sufficiency but of an upgrading of human prospects. In laboratories and in open fields, revolutionary new approaches to energy are being developed. Toynbee's observation that civilization is the story of challenge and response has seldom been better exemplified than by the reaction to the effect on the world economy of OPEC policies.

Before examining the response, it is important to make distinctions between short-term and long-term problems and prospects. The short-term applies to the time remaining before the world's known oil reserves run out, estimated to be about 25 or 30 years. The principal need during this period will be to keep going as best we can until other forms of energy become widely available.

The short-term period is bound to be confusing because it will be marked by alternating periods of scarcity and surplus. The periods of scarcity may be related more to political factors than to natural causes. A flare-up in the Middle East could have the effect of cutting down on our oil supply. The periods of surplus may be the result of larger yields than expected from new or existing sources. For example, the storage tanks in California today are filled to overflowing with Alaskan North Slope oil. Because of North Slope oil, the United States is exporting oil today in competition with other oil-producing nations. Inevitably, people find it difficult to understand why President Carter should be talking about the need to take drastic measures to conserve energy if we now have more oil than we can use. The answer is that the President knows the surpluses to be only temporary.

For the long term, even more important than the fact of today's overflowing storage tanks is the overriding fact that a post-oil era is inevitable and inescapable. Since the long-term needs of the world call for a vast increase of energy, the time to ensure our supply of energy is today.

The President's energy policy begins with the need to find a way in the years just ahead to maintain access to enough fuel to keep the world moving—without knuckling under to nations that threaten economic blackmail if we don't accept their political objectives or policies.

It is a serious mistake to think of nuclear power—fission or fusion—as the only answer to the world's energy problem. Similarly, America's abundant coal reserves—and also the prospect of coal's being "gassified"—are not regarded by energy specialists as a definitive solution to the energy shortage. Research laboratories, small and large, in the United States and elsewhere are actively engaged in the search for new sources of power or new approaches to getting more out of the old sources. The following list makes no pretense at being complete but may indicate the extent to which new options are being pursued and developed. Conceivably, within a few years, these approaches could enable the world to reduce sharply its dependence on Arab oil.

Secondary Recovery

One of the best chances we have for bridging the gap to the post-oil era may be the reactivation of America's hundreds of thousands of small wells.

It is not generally realized that a large part of America's oil supply once came from small wells spread over a wide area from Pennsylvania to the Dakotas and Texas. These were "stripper" wells, in which the oil was relatively close to the surface, as contrasted with the deep wells, where exotic drills often had to penetrate 14,000 feet or more. The stripper well was a familiar feature of the American landscape, especially in the Southwest. You could see it in front of the local church, or alongside the town grocery store, or in the backyard of the neighborhood mechanic.

The popular conception of oil wells, fostered by books like Edna Ferber's *Giant*, and by motion pictures based on those stories, is of black geysers shooting oil skyward at the rate of hundreds of gallons a second. But the average well in the United States has been an unspectacular affair, with its daily output of less than a half-dozen barrels. Even so, the cumulative total for many years helped to make the United States the largest oil producer in the world.

Most of these wells are now idle—not because the oil is exhausted but because the oil is no longer free-flowing, having been trapped in rock or tar sands, or impeded by limestone. Not infrequently, the pores in the earth are clogged by clay, and the oil cannot move, a condition the oilmen refer to as "constipation." Yet the oil is there—hundreds of billions of barrels, more of it than has been brought to the surface since the first American oil well was drilled in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859.

Attempts to reactivate these wells come under the heading of "secondary recovery." The big problem, however, involves not just the extremely high cost of separating the oil from rock and unclogging the pores of the earth but the amount of energy required to produce the energy. If, for example, it takes 10 units to produce 12 or even 15 units of energy, the net gain is minimal and the cost is uneconomic.

So the search is for new systems. Petroleum scientists and engineers have tried to get at the oil with all sorts of devices. They have tried shooting "bullet-holes" into the clogged underground areas in those cases where petroleum has been constipated. They have tried to build up pressure to move the petroleum by "water-flooding" and "gas-flooding." They

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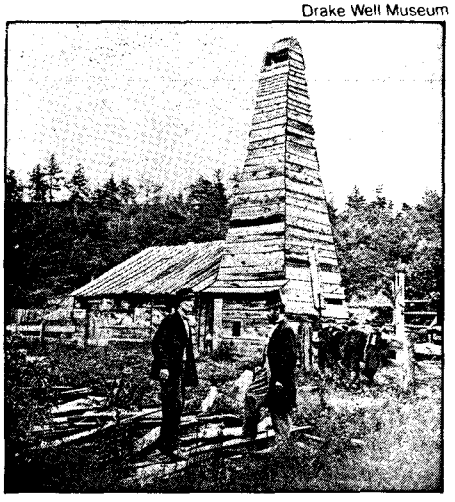
Drake Well Museum



The first oil well in the United States —the Drake Well— was drilled in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859.

have tried "thermal recovery" for thinning out the tar sands. They have even created underground fires in order to produce hot gas pressure to force the oil off the rock and into motion. Among the newer systems are "hydrocarbon miscible flooding," "carbon dioxide flooding," and "miscellar polymer flooding." But while a number of systems have succeeded in varying degrees in getting at the oil, none has been able to do so with a sufficient net-energy gain or at an economic price.

Enter two Texans, Frank DeFalco and Charles McCoy, and a Hungarian-born scientist, George Merkl. In 1974 DeFalco and McCoy created the Molecular Energy Research Company (MERCO) for the purpose of finding a technologically efficient and economically advantageous method of capture.

Merkl, 48, has credentials in theoretical and solid-state physics, nuclear chemistry, petroleum geology, and electronics. The contributions he is making to the solution of America's energy problem is reminiscent of the role of other foreign-born scientists—Einstein, Szilard, Fermi, and Wigner among them—in helping the United States to use science as a decisive factor in the war against Nazi Germany. Merkl came to the United States in 1957 after advanced studies in Vienna. He worked in several American research laboratories and immersed himself in research on catalysts, agents that speed up chemical reactions.

Merkl teamed up with DeFalco and McCoy in 1976. Like many others, he was obsessed with the possibility that a way could be devised to get at the estimated 350 billion barrels of petroleum locked into America's natural underground vaults. Almost intuitively, he turned to inorganic polymers—large-moleculed hard substances, like silicon or graphite, with a very high melting point. The process involved a polarized hydrogen bond. The bonding releases atomic hydrogen, which cracks the light end of the oil, creating natural gas. This gas forces the trapped oil out of the rock and causes it to form a pool or reservoir, making it accessible to conventional collection methods.

DeFalco and McCoy have applied for and received several patents on Merkl's process and are now tooling up for the large-scale development that they believe will enable the United States to thumb its nose at the haughty Middle East oil producers.

The first test of George Merkl's inorganic polymer system began on June 14, 1977, in an overworked and abandoned oil field in Cherryvale, Kansas. Some 25 wells were in this particular field; seven of them were used to test the Merkl method. The experiment was a success. The oil in the first well tested broke through the surface on June 17, 1977, and

Brazil has involved itself in the large-scale production of alcohol, to be used as a fuel for combustion engines.

the well has been producing seven to 12 barrels a day since. What is most significant is that there has been a sixfold increase in the rate of production over previous yields.

Cherryvale has led to equally successful tests in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. The results of these tests indicate that Merkl's system can step up existing production an average of at least four or five times the old yield. In some wells, the yield shows a thirtyfold increase.

Especially promising is the use of the Merkl system for tapping natural gas. A test in West Virginia in July 1978 was successful in producing a relatively large quantity of natural gas. The significance of this fact cannot be overestimated when it is considered that the United States has an abundant supply of underground natural gas.

Dozens of additional tests, especially under varying conditions, have yet to be undertaken, but it is not too soon to assess the prospects. Consider the arithmetic: America is now consuming oil at the rate of 16 million barrels a day, or 6 billion gallons a year. Almost half that oil now comes from the Middle East. If Merkl's system enables us to get at only half the petroleum that has been considered "unrecoverable" until now, we will be able to buy all the time we need to develop other sources of energy for the post-oil era. Specifically, our own resources would replace all or most of the Arab oil we are now importing.

What about prices? DeFalco and McCoy estimate the cost of producing oil through the inorganic polymer system at not more than $5 per barrel (in contrast to the $20-per-barrel cost of recovering oil with organic polymers), which makes its market price competitive with existing prices.

Rosy though the glow may be, we must remember we are still talking about the short-term. Our own vast petroleum reserves, however abundant, will at some point run out, if not in 25 or 30 years, then in 40 or 50. Therefore, the search for other sources of energy must be energetically pursued.

Biomass: "Growing" Our Own Fuel

The name given to living things and to their waste products is "biomass." Since the process for converting biomass into fuel is now well known, it may be only a matter of time before the virtually limitless quantity of biomass in the world can be used to create fuels that can replace oil.

The government of Brazil, for example, has involved itself in large-scale production of alcohol, totaling millions of gallons a year. In the popular mind, alcohol is associated with libations, solitary or communal, and with rubdowns for tired muscles. But alcohol can also be used as a fuel for combustion engines. Traditional methods of producing alcohol, however, make the price uneconomic for automobile use.

Brazil's economy, like that of other oil-importing nations, has been out of kilter because of the vast sums it has to spend to fuel its industrial machines. As the cost of oil skyrocketed, the Brazilian government became increasingly determined to reduce its dependence on oil imports. The present extensive program for developing alcohol as a fuel is the result. More than 300 alcohol-distilling plants are in construction or are being planned. The raw material is sugar cane. Manioc, a form of tapioca, is also being tried. The fermented sugar is processed to remove excess water and is reduced to 95 percent alcohol. The result is ethanol.

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Brazil's record in this undertaking commands respect. Last year it produced more than 200 million gallons of alcohol for use in combustion engines. *The Wall Street Journal*'s Brazil correspondent reported on July 12, 1978, that the program to use alcohol instead of gasoline is no longer experimental. Some 500 Volkswagen telephone-repair cars now operate on 190-proof grain alcohol distilled from sugar cane or manioc.

It costs about $350 to convert an automobile engine for ethanol use. But owners of such cars report improved performance, especially on hills and in situations requiring rapid acceleration. Moreover, ethanol is clean-burning; the pollution problem is practically nil.

Most of Brazil's automobiles have yet to be converted. But they are nonetheless beneficiaries of the alcohol revolution, since they use a fuel mixture in which the alcohol percentage runs from 10 to 20 percent.

In a very real sense, ethanol comes under the heading of solar energy, for sunlight is the principal ingredient in the production of sugar cane and manioc.

Following along the lines of the Brazilian experience, a company in Oklahoma, Calorific Recovery Anaerobic Process, Inc., has been able to utilize unused cattle feed and other wastes. After the fibrous content is removed, the material is dumped into tanks containing various kinds of bacteria. The resultant decomposition produces methane gas, carbon dioxide, and ammonia. The present plan is to use pipelines for transporting the gas to industrial centers.

Meanwhile, millions of gallons of oil can be saved by burning waste products for generating electrical power. About 40 percent of Hawaii's electricity is generated by burning sugarcane wastes. At least a half-dozen European cities have found a joint solution to their energy needs and their waste disposal problem by using garbage as a whole or partial substitute for oil in their power-generating plants.

American Gasohol

A mixture of 10 percent alcohol from fermented grain and 90 percent regular gasoline is being used as automobile fuel in the American Midwest. Consumers of gasohol report a fuel usage savings of about 5 percent. Reduction in carbon-monoxide emissions is about 30 percent.

At present, gasohol is available at selected service stations in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa.

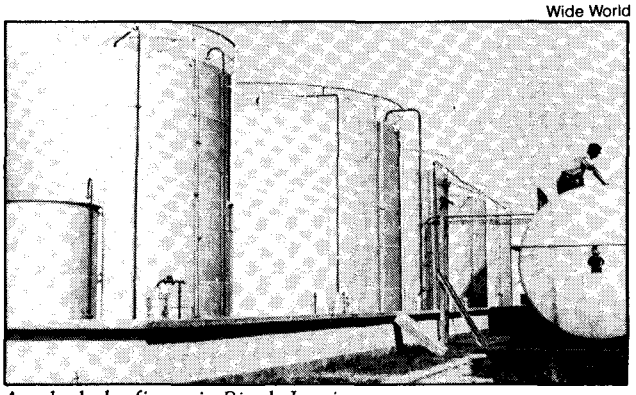
Critics of alcohol as an automobile fuel, whether in pure form or as a mixture, contend that it would be a serious error to assume that ethanol can be an effective substitute for petroleum. They argue that the amount of agricultural acreage required to "grow" the fuel, plus the amount of energy expended in planting, harvesting, and processing, make ethanol a dubious solution. These arguments are readily answered:

First of all, with respect to available land, only a fraction of America's productive land is now in use.

Second, America is periodically faced with the problem of food surplus. This year, for example, millions of bushels of corn will have to be added to the millions of bushels of surplus already being stored. The best use for our agricultural surplus, of course, is for fighting world hunger. But American oversupply, for various reasons, doesn't always move on a moral track. Moreover, some foods, like corn, don't satisfy a universal taste. Be that as it may, we have an overabundance of corn that could be converted into fuel.

Third, the amount of energy expended to grow and harvest and process the food crop is not disproportionately high. Solar power supplies most of the initial energy. Moreover, the fermentation and distillation can be done in the fall and winter, so the excess heat can be used by the farmers to heat their homes.

Wide World



An alcohol refinery in Rio de Janeiro—Brazil is allotting more than $1.5 billion and thousands of acres to alcohol development.

Perhaps the most striking example of the successful production of fuel alcohol from grain is furnished by the Southeast Farmers' Cooperative of Selma, Alabama, a community associated with the name of Martin Luther King. One of King's associates, Albert Turner, has persuaded his farmer colleagues to apply their cooperative philosophy and techniques to the development of alcohol as a fuel. Turner learned two years ago about the potentialities of grain as a base for fuel alcohol. His friends encouraged him to find out as much as he could about the process. Turner heard of a young agricultural scientist, Alan Zeithamer, 25, in Alexander, Minnesota, who had been studying techniques for converting grain into alcohol. Another resource person was a former bootlegger who had abundant experience in distilling alcohol from grain. The "faculty" was completed with the addition of Professor Westley Buchele, a microbiologist at Iowa State University, and Professor Paul Midow, an agricultural engineer at South Dakota State University.

The group received a small grant from the Office of Minority Business Enterprises, Washington, D.C.

Fortified with expertise and capital, Turner and his associates in the farmers' cooperative decided to move ahead. In their first full year of operation, the Selma farmers have been able to produce about 200 gallons of grain alcohol a month.

Obviously, the cost would be much higher if an individual farmer attempted to go into the business. By pooling their land, their machinery, and their labor, the Selma farmers have been able to create both a scientific and social model in the approach to fuel as a reservable resource.

The NAHBE or Blaser Engine

Alcohol as a substitute for gasoline is already a practical reality. The big question is whether the present automobile engine can be made compatible at a low cost.

Encouraging progress in this direction is being made at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. It all began in 1972, when some of the science professors on the faculty met an engineer from Argentina who was studying for a Ph.D. degree at the University of Maryland. His name was Richard Blaser, and he had come to this country in search of a new way of life and a chance to develop his theories on automobile engine design. Blaser thought it absurd that the average automobile engine should be able to make efficient use of only a fraction of its fuel. He didn't see why the automobile industry and the owners of cars should put up with a car engine that is prone to overheat; that spews carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons into the atmosphere; that is heavily dependent on a complicated distributor head; and that cannot use different kinds of fuel. Blaser's inventiveness ap-

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Charles McCoy (left) and George Merkl inspect MERCO's *test field in Cherryvale, Kansas.*

pealed to the professors, and they contrived to find a laboratory for him at the Naval Academy. At first, Blaser led a nocturnal research existence, for Melville Hall, one of the engineering laboratories, was open to him only at night. Then, when the Academy no longer had any use for Melville Hall, Blaser was given full-time use of the quarters and achieved a quasi-legitimacy. Finally, in the spring of 1977, Blaser moved up the recognition ladder when the Office of Pesticide Programs of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency gave a grant to the Naval Academy, part of which went into research and development of the Blaser engine. Modest though the subvention was, it enabled Blaser and his 20-year-old son to move forward.

Recently, under the joint imprint of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and the U.S. Naval Academy, a report was issued on the successful modification of standard engines to NAHBEs (Naval Academy Heat-Balanced Engine). Main conclusions of that report: The NAHBE is more efficient than the regular combustion engine; it offers a substantial increase in mileage per gallon; it is 98 percent free of carbon monoxide and other noxious emissions; it operates at much lower pressures than are possible in standard engines, with the prospect of lower repair bills; it has a much lower compression ratio than the regular engine; and it can use gasoline, diesel fuel, alcohol, benzine, or kerosene.

All these features would appear to be something out of science-fiction were it not for the fact that they are certified in a government report. At the invitation of William Holmberg, of the U.S. Department of Energy, I went to the Naval Academy and met with Richard Blaser and his son. I was permitted to drive the military jeep containing the Blaser engine, the first vehicle of its kind in the world. The drive was no more than perhaps a quarter-mile through the streets of the Naval Academy, but it was long enough to convince me that NAHBE is real and that a great revolution is impending in the history of the automobile—both in the United States and the world. NAHBE helps to solve one of the single greatest environmental problems facing the nation—carbon monoxide emissions from combustion engines. Incredibly, the NAHBE engine emits only 5 percent of the carbon monoxide produced by the average automobile engine.

It also offers the American people a much more durable and economic automobile engine, one that doesn't have to be replaced every two or three years. It costs about $400 to convert an existing automobile engine to the NAHBE, but this increase is more than offset by operational savings.

Richard Blaser is a dark, intense, compactly built man in his mid-fifties. When he speaks about science or engineering, the philosophical undertones and overtones are immediately apparent. He talks about his hopes for NAHBE, but he relates those hopes to his perceptions of American history. He came to the United States because of his belief that anyone who wants to create, whether in science or the arts, should be given an environment that fosters hope and is congenial for people who can't live without hope. His life in the United States has not been easy. Most difficult of all has been the fact that he feels somewhat like a stowaway, since he is working in a government laboratory without government status. He holds no government position and is on no government payroll. Because of his gratitude to the people at the Naval Academy, he has made his pollution-free engine available to the U.S. government. Indeed, Blaser insisted that the engine be named after the Naval Academy. He expects no bonanza for what could be one of the most important inventions of the 20th century. However, I had the feeling in talking to him that he believes only a few people in government really understand the significance of what he has been doing. And, while he didn't say so, it seemed to me that he is fully aware of a certain irony: Jimmy Carter has been searching valiantly but vainly for answers to the energy crisis, while only a few miles away, at the President's own alma mater, one of those answers is fully formed and waiting for adequate recognition.

It is hard to say how much longer Richard Blaser and his son will remain at Melville Hall. He would like to remain, but is reluctant to do so unless he can come and go through the front door. He is profoundly grateful to the professors who have contrived to find a place for him and to keep him going, but now that the basic validity of his invention has been confirmed, he would like to work in the open.

Thanks to some U.S. Department of Energy officials who know of his work, Blaser has been put in contact with a group of farmers in Selma, Alabama, who have been trying to develop low-cost alcohol as a gasoline substitute. The Selma experience in "growing" alcohol and Blaser's ability to produce a multi-fuel engine should make for an ideal mating.

Nitrogen Fixation

For years, leading scientists in the United States and elsewhere have tried to find ways of cutting down on the world's fertilizer needs. Since it takes a ton of petroleum to make a ton of fertilizer, the connection between the world's hunger problem and the energy shortage can readily be recognized. The inability of many nations to grow enough food to prevent famine is directly tied to their inability to buy enough fertilizer. Nitrates are expensive. Hence, research that can fix nitrogen in the soil stands very high on any list of challenges to science.

In the United States, the C.F. Kettering Research Laboratory in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and the du Pont Laboratory in Wilmington, Delaware, are generally recognized as leaders in nitrogen-fixation research. But significant work in this field is also being done by an individual, a Czech refugee named Backlov Petric, who now lives in California. His model is the legume, one of the few products of nature that are able to make their own fertilizer. Petric has made significant findings in the way legumes use bacteria to pluck nitrogen out of the air.

It is much too soon to predict when nitrogen fixation will become a working reality. But enough progress has been made to warrant far more government support than has been given to date to nitrogen fixation. The United States had far less to go on when it committed itself to the Manhattan Project for splitting the atom, less than 40 years ago. Yet nitrogen fixation could be more important for the future than atomic energy.

(Continued on page 28)

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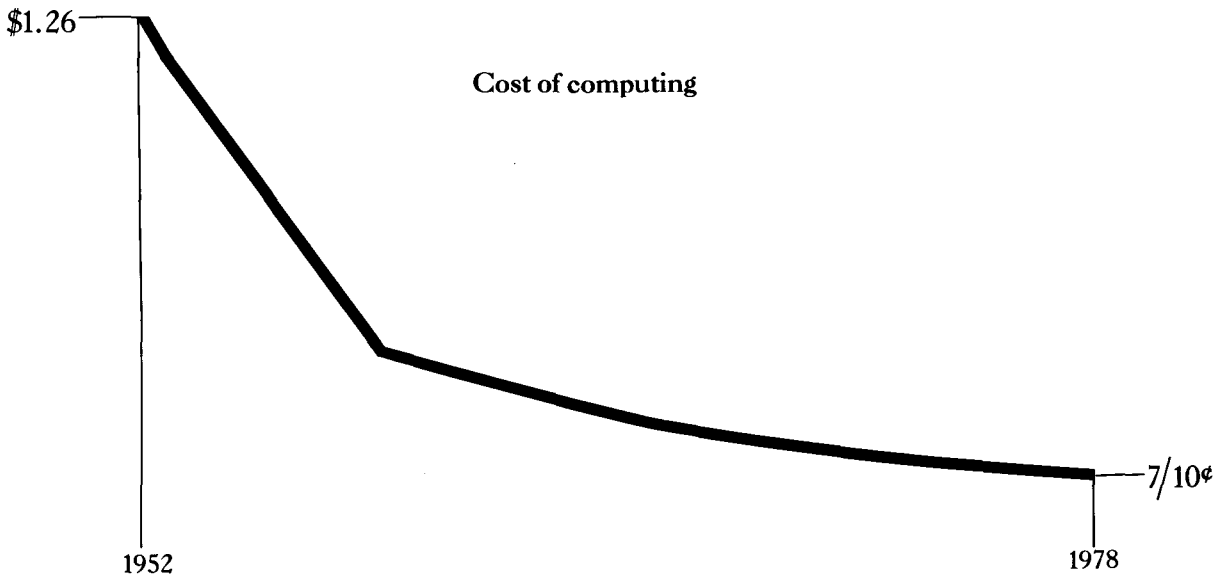
IBM Reports

Prices keep going up. Information costs keep going down.



The chart shows it all. In the face of a relentless rise in prices, one cost keeps dropping dramatically: information technology.

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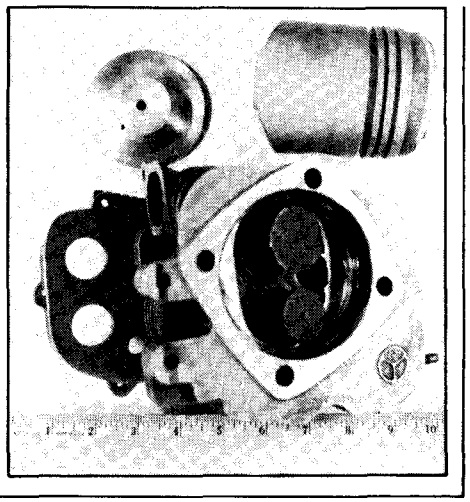

The Naval Academy Heat-Balanced Engine makes almost total use of fuel, be it gasoline, ethanol, kerosene, benzine, or diesel.

Geothermal Wells

U.S. Government scientists at Los Alamos, New Mexico, have successfully tapped the heat of the earth as a source of energy. Deep holes are drilled in areas known to contain volcanic rock or "hot granite," which abounds in the Rocky Mountains. Water is pumped into the deep holes, creating powerful currents of steam that are brought to the surface and used to drive electric generators. The process is economically feasible only under certain geological conditions.

Most of the systems considered so far are grouped in the short-range category, not because they are improvisations or because they will disappear from the scene after a few years, but because they may help to make us independent of Arab oil until the post-oil era or the solar era becomes a reality. It is difficult to say whether the new era will coincide with the 21st century or whether it will anticipate the new century by a decade or so. What is certain is that we are on the verge of a new industrial revolution in which the sources of energy and the requirements of the world's life-support system are fully compatible. A new relationship will be established between human beings and nature. We will emancipate ourselves from over-dependence on chemicals, with its attendant risks. We will be more responsive to universal laws.

Solar Energy

The magazine *The Futurist* recently identified several promising solar energy uses or approaches that may or may not be developed before the turn of the century, but that in any case will be permanent features of the human future. Among these systems are the following:

1. *Ground-based Solar Thermal Plants.* The main characteristic of these plants is a vast array of flat mirrors (heliostats) that trap solar energy in a central receiving unit. Water is introduced, as in the geothermal system, to produce steam that in turn is fed into a generator to produce electric power. The U.S. Department of Energy has authorized the building of a 10-megawatt power plant at Barstow, California.

2. *Geosynchronous Solar Satellite Stations* (GSSS). Readers of science-fiction and movie goers who are aficionados of *Star Wars* or *Close Encounters of a Third Kind* will have no difficulty visualizing the designs for massive solar-energy satellites placed in fixed orbit 22,000 miles beyond Earth. Each satellite collects solar energy by means of "photovoltaic" cells that convert sunlight directly into electricity for microwave transmission to ground-receiving antennas.

3. *Low-Orbit Solar Satellites* (LOSS). The system here is similar to that of the GSSS, except that the stations are orbited at a height of 2,900 miles. The conversion of solar power into electrical energy takes place in what is called a "cascaded dielectric" power system. The current is generated by two unaligned magnetic poles which release electrons to flow through an external circuit. Energy is transmitted, as with GSSS, through microwaves. The transmission capacity of the LOSS is unaffected by its lower altitude.

What about costs? Obviously, the big expense will be the initial investment. But the operating costs will be low enough to offset the amortization of the original cost.

Hydrogen Fuel

We have saved for last the most dramatic and probably the most efficient system of all. It involves the use of pure hydrogen. Like the dream of transmuting cheap metals into gold, the notion that hydrogen can be split off from water and used as a universal form of cheap energy has lit up the minds of philosophers and scientists ever since the letters H_2O were first affixed to water.

George Merkl, the same man who has pioneered in stabilizing the hydrogen atom to liberate oil from rock and tar sand, is now attempting to revolutionize organic chemistry by separating hydrogen from water. He sees a model in the process by which the sun itself creates energy. He believes it is possible for human beings to create a controlled solar reaction on earth.

George Merkl is not given to melodramatic forecasts, but he believes we will have cheap energy from pure hydrogen in our lifetime and that the oceans themselves will furnish the inexhaustible raw material.

The search for new energy systems involves more than just the need to provide an alternative to Arab oil. The primary need is to find the kind of energy that will run an industrial society without imposing ghastly penalties on living things. The legacy of poisonous chemicals in Niagara Falls is all the warning required to tell us that the human race has to devise ways of sustaining itself that will not unhinge the planet's life-support system.

The Merkls and the Blasers and dozens of others like them may be the architects of a new industrial revolution. It will not happen overnight, but neither will it be spread out over decades. The new technology will not require, as did the last, that humans be subordinate and subservient to the machine. A new and higher station for the individual is being built. The past century has seen a phenomenal increase in human productivity and an expansion in human consciousness. The most fundamental liberation of all has been from the notion that the development of human potentiality is at best a distant prospect. The human mind is beginning to perceive itself as an instrument of infinite capacity. The realization is taking hold that the only justification for all the vaunted research laboratories and institutes of advanced learning is the ennoblement of the individual human being.

All the exotic systems that will figure in the post-oil era have one thing in common. They will have to be developed in the human interest and cannot be the exclusive property of any single nation. It is difficult to imagine the emergence of such new sources of energy outside a world energy authority—just as it is difficult to imagine a world energy authority outside a workable world order that can ensure world peace. ◉

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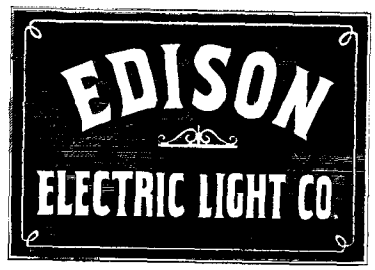

GE's roots reach back to this company, founded on October 15, 1878.

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What a convenience electric light is
. . . and how much less it costs!
In the days of Governor Bradford, light was so expensive that the frugal Puritan family extinguished its single candle during prayers. The early settlers had to learn to make candles themselves—the most arduous of tasks.
Your light comes at a finger touch—and it is more than 100 times cheaper than candle light. 1¢'s worth of electricity will give much more light than $1's worth of candles.
So use light freely. A 75-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp will give more than twice as much light as a 40-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp—but will average only a third of a cent more an hour for current.
And use the right lamps. Edison MAZDA Lamps give full value for the current you use and there is a right size for every socket. Any Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will advise you. He displays the sign shown at the left of the picture.
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Lighting led the way.

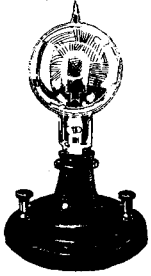
It was 100 years ago when Thomas Edison founded the Edison Electric Light Company . . . the company that became General Electric. The following year Edison invented the first practical light bulb.

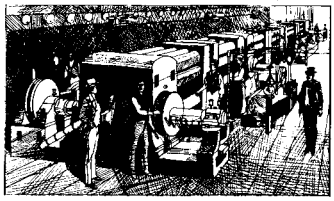
Yet more than 40 years later, this ad was still trying to convince people of the convenienc of lighting.

People don't need any convincing these days. Today, GE makes thousands of types of lights and comes up with a new idea in lighting every working day. In effect, GE never stops inventing the light bulb.

And GE is making progress by finding ways to provide more light and better light—at less cost and using less electricity.

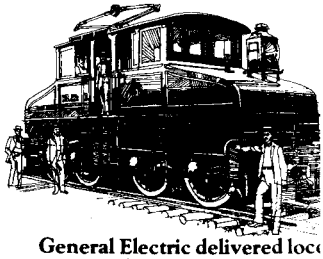
The first practical light bulb helped the Age of Electricity get underway in 1879.





America's first central power station built by Thomas Edison on Pearl Street, in New York, 1882.

1894. Charles Steinmetz and other GE engineers helped make a success of America's first major a-c electric transmission project at Niagara Falls.



General Electric delivered loc motives for the first major conversion of a steam railway to electricity—1895.

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This ad appeared in April, 1927.

A brand-new way to do homework.

There was a reason for that timeworn phrase "A woman's work is never done." It never was. Fifty years ago, her days were filled with hard, heavy, ceaseless labor. Because back then, just about every household chore was done by hand.

This ad talked about liberation. Talked about how electricity could take over housework at a modest cost.

Today, electricity works even harder in the home. Because each American home has so many more electrical appliances. And the average U.S. cost of electricity to run those appliances is still modest — only 3.6 cents per kilowatt hour.

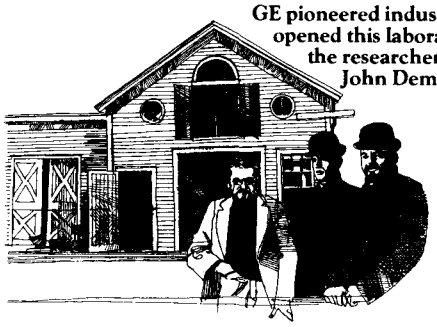
Today, and in the future, you will find the GE monogram on the appliances that lighten your work load.

Any woman who does anything which a little electric motor can do is working for 3¢ an hour!

There are few hard tasks left in the home which electricity cannot do at trifling cost. You will find the G-E monogram on many electrical household conveniences. It is a guarantee of excellence as well as a mark of service.

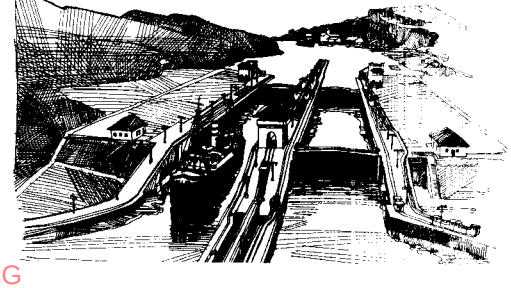
Ask your electric company or dealer to help you select the labor-saving electrical appliances best suited for your home.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



GE pioneered industrial research when it opened this laboratory in 1900. Among the researchers: Charles Steinmetz, John Dempster, Willis Whitney.

Patents for electric fans were awarded to a GE engineer in 1902. First ones were actually built a few years earlier.



Opening of the Panama Canal in 1914. 1000 electric motors, lock controls and locomotives were all GE.

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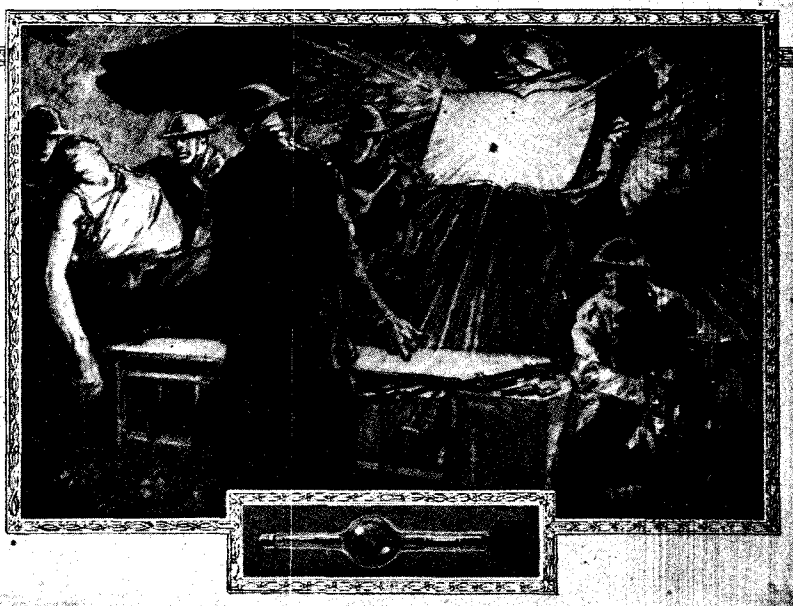
This ad appeared in January, 1918.



When Minutes Meant Lives

FROM our Army in France came a call for a light and mobile X-ray outfit. Those we had, and those the Allies had, were heavy, complicated and fragile. It would mean life to American soldiers if their wounds could be examined immediately, on the field, instead of in the hospitals to the rear.

The problem was given to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and the facilities of MAZDA Service, which include the knowledge and experience and technical skill of scientists and engineers, quickly developed the X-ray outfit needed. Incorporated in it was an X-ray tube of new and improved design, by virtue of which cumbersome auxiliary apparatus was eliminated.

The engineering skill of allied industry, of Army officers, and of roentgenologists was called upon to complete the outfit, and in an astonishingly short time these units, truly portable, were being shipped to France. The new X-ray outfit did work with one tube for which other machines required a variety of tubes. Further, it weighed less than half as much, and was three times as powerful as the best field equipment then available. This outfit was made standard by the United States Army, it was used in the fields, and it replaced more intricate apparatus in many of the base hospitals.

The way of its production was this—MAZDA Service is responsible for the present efficiency of the highest type of incandescent electric lamp, the MAZDA lamp, and there is no type, shape or size of bulb or filament that has not been made and tested in the Research Laboratories. The X-ray tube, the vital part of the outfit, is a younger cousin of the incandescent lamp. To the making of this tube were brought to bear a unique knowledge of bulbs and filaments, an unequalled laboratory and manufacturing equipment, and the technique of the chemists, physicists, metallurgists and engineers of MAZDA Service. These men triumphantly and swiftly solved the difficult problems of development and manufacture.

The portable X-ray outfit forthwith went overseas to save American lives.

The facilities of MAZDA Service produced it when the need came, and humanity is richer for its possession.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

MAZDA

A new look for doctors

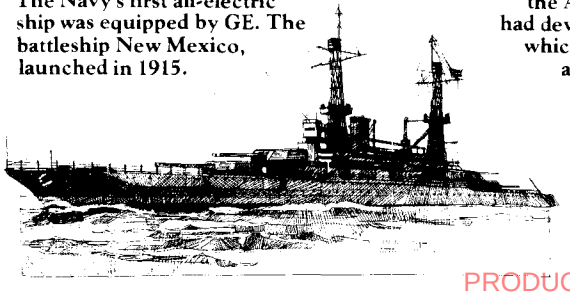
It's about 80 years since Roentgen discovered the "unknown ray," the x-ray. But for many years its use was limited because early x-ray tubes were very unpredictable.

Then Dr. W. Coolidge of the GE Research Lab came up with something that became the basis for all modern x-ray—the "hot cathode" tube. The ad at left talks about one important result of his discovery.

GE is still coming up with new technology. They recently built a total body scanner—a computerized unit that takes tens of thousands of x-ray readings in seconds. So doctors can see what they could never see before without surgery.

X-ray is only one area where GE ideas and medical equipment help doctors diagnose the ills of people.

The Navy's first all-electric ship was equipped by GE. The battleship New Mexico, launched in 1915.



Dr. W. Coolidge built this portable x-ray for the Army. In 1913 he had developed the tube which is the basis for all modern x-ray.

In 1921, a GE supercharger pushed a biplane up to 34,509 feet, a world record. This was one of many GE aviation "firsts."

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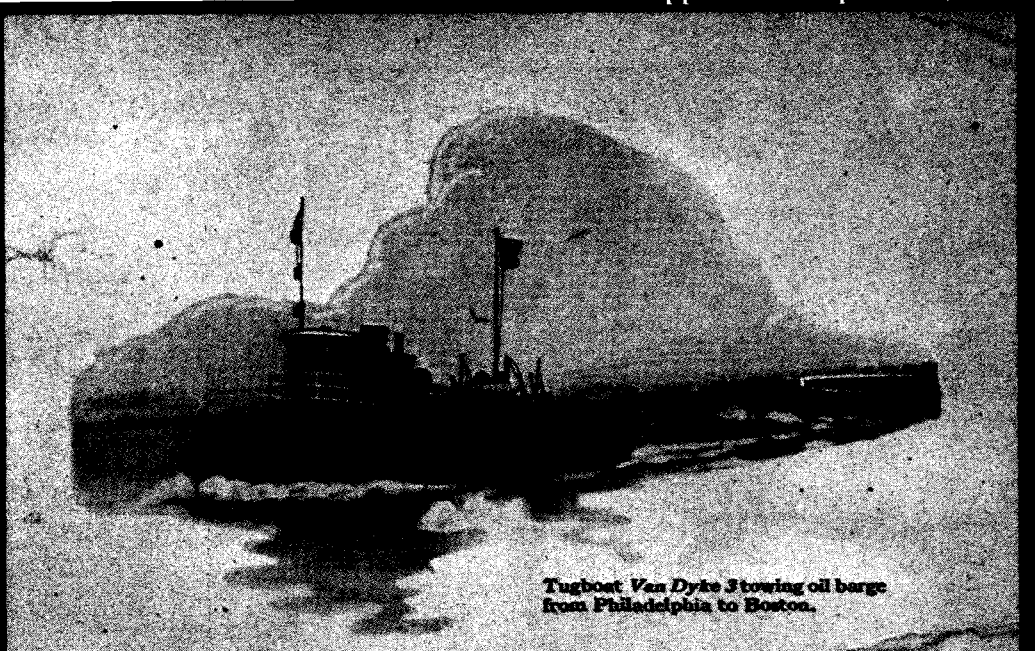
Clearing the air.

A lot of people are surprised that there have been companies concerned about pollution for many years. One of those companies is General Electric.

Take the ad at right. It tells the story of a tug that didn't smoke. Another ad on these pages talks about trains that didn't smoke, either. Throughout industry GE was developing ways for electricity to take over from steam.

Today, GE is still at it. With better ship engines, trains, motors. With nuclear power plants that put less smoke in the air than a match. And jet engines that leave no black marks in the skies.

And in the years to come, GE will continue looking for ways to keep smoke out of the skies.



Tugboat *Van Dyke 3* towing oil barge from Philadelphia to Boston.

What is missing in this picture?

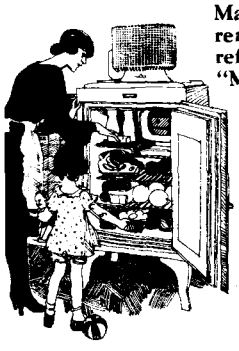
Even a child can answer—this tugboat has no funnel.

It has no steam engine, either. No bunkers full of costly coal. No stokers. No smoke. No clouds of steam.

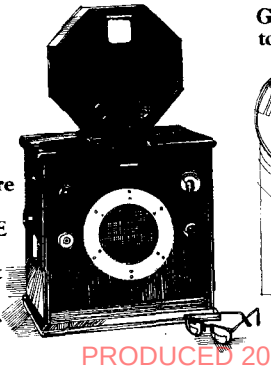
Clean electric motors, supplied with electricity by oil engine driven generators, keep this trim little boat continuously and inexpensively at work.

All electric equipment for this boat, and for two sister ships, was manufactured by the General Electric Company; which also makes electric motors large enough to drive battleships and small enough for sewing machines, washers, vacuum cleaners, and fans. Let electric motors work more for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

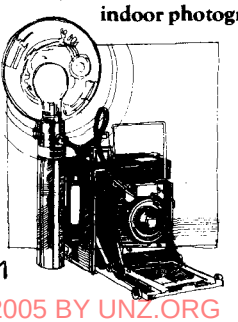


Many Americans remember their first refrigerator as this "Monitor Top," introduced by GE in 1927.

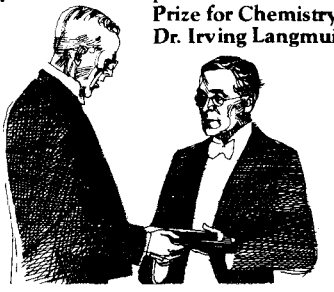


Only a few were lucky enough to have this GE TV set. It received the first TV broadcast ever...in 1928.

GE introduced the photoflash bulb to the U.S. in 1930. It revolutionized indoor photography.



King Gustavus V of Sweden presents the 1932 Nobel Prize for Chemistry to Dr. Irving Langmuir of GE.



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This ad appeared in September, 1926.

1903
Twenty years ago this noisy, smoky railroad yard was New York's greeting to its visitors.

1923
Now down underneath these homes and hotels, smooth-running electric locomotives and motors handle 600 trains a day.

This avenue was a railroad yard

In 1910 the lines running into New York's Grand Central Terminal were electrified. Away went the smoky locomotives; the tracks were covered over; and 40 acres of railroad yards have become the beautiful home section of Park Avenue.

One glance explains why the valuation of real estate in this section has jumped hundreds of millions of dollars.

It is the business of electricity to abolish smoke and noise, to improve lighting, and transfer heavy burdens from the shoulders of men to machines. The General Electric Company makes the equipment and supplies with which electricity works.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

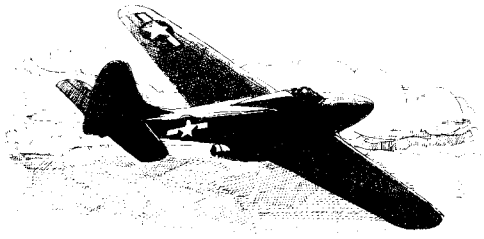
Getting people moving.

Just about every city in the country has had a face-lift over the years. The ad at left talks about one of the most dramatic ever. The transformation of a grimy railroad yard into choice real estate.

The yard built up as more and more travelers poured into New York City. Then came the non-smoking GE locomotive. So tracks and yard could be covered over to become famed Park Avenue.

Today, cities are still tackling the problem of getting people into their centers. And electric mass transit again offers the solution. Swift, comfortable, clean-running trains that carry hundreds at a time.

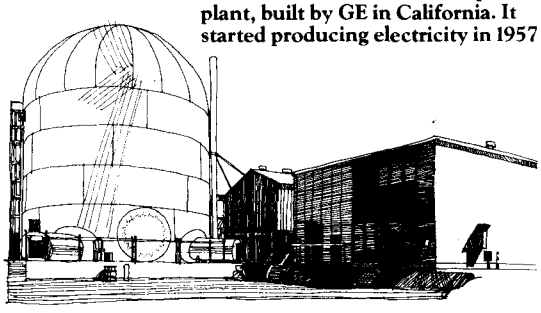
Tomorrow? Trains may look totally different but GE will be working on new ways for electricity to do the job.



America's first jet took to the air on Oct. 1, 1942. Jet engines built by General Electric sent it aloft.

Closest thing to alchemy ever achieved by man: the turning of graphite into Man-Made™ diamonds by GE research in 1954.

World's first licensed nuclear power plant, built by GE in California. It started producing electricity in 1957



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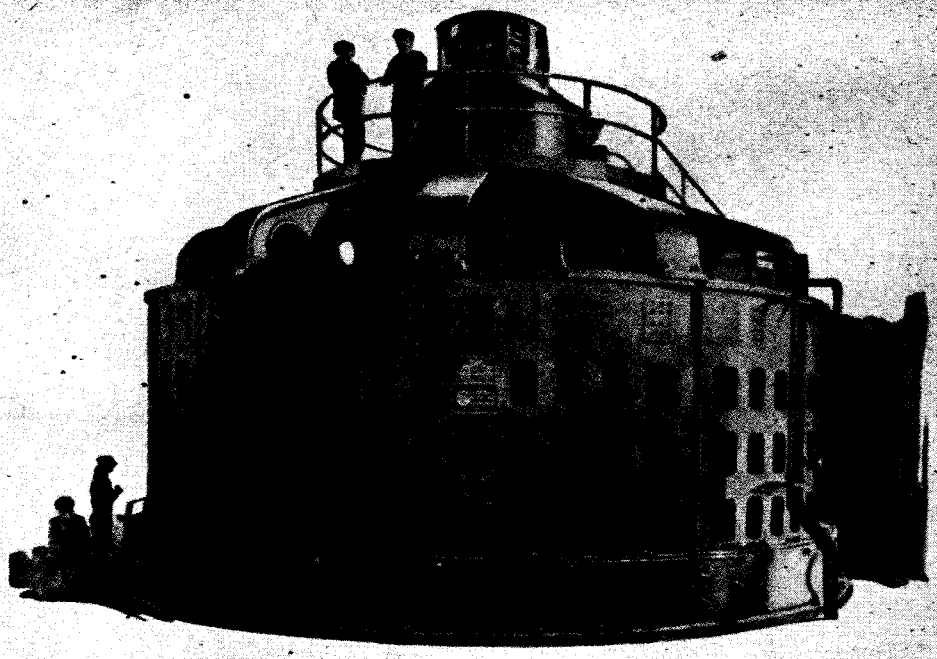
Using your resources.

As you can see here, GE was worried about saving natural resources a long time ago.

Today, U.S. supplies of coal are the largest in the world. But GE is still working at ways to make them last longer. One is through a process called "coal gasification" which allows low-grade coal to be efficiently used to make electricity.

But that isn't all. GE is also developing other sources of energy to make electricity... sources that are almost limitless. The atom, the sun, the winds.

Everybody relies on electricity to do so much. And you can rely on GE to find new ways to keep making the electricity we need.



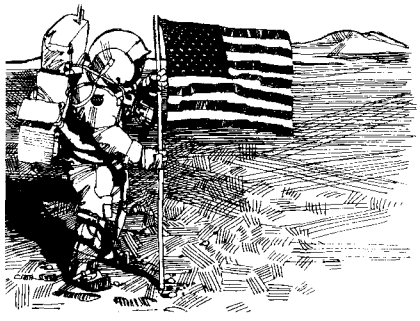
The world's biggest coal saver

On this machine is a name plate bearing the monogram of the General Electric Company—the same monogram that is on the little motors that run labor-saving household machines for you. This monogram is more than a trade mark; the letters G-E are the initials of a friend.

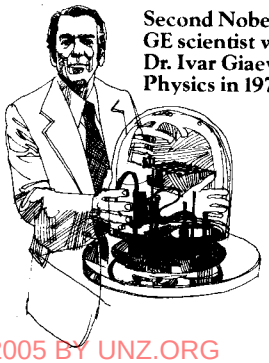
This is the largest hydro-electric generator in the world, one of three new giants installed by the Niagara Falls Power Company. Two million people share in the increased electric light and power supplied by these great generators.

Each of these machines will save the equivalent of 700,000 tons of coal a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



1969. Man first stepped on the moon. GE contributions to the Apollo program included computerized system that checked out 3000 valves and switches in 1/12 second.



Second Nobel Prize for a GE scientist was won by Dr. Ivar Giaever for Physics in 1973.

GE 100
1878 - 1978

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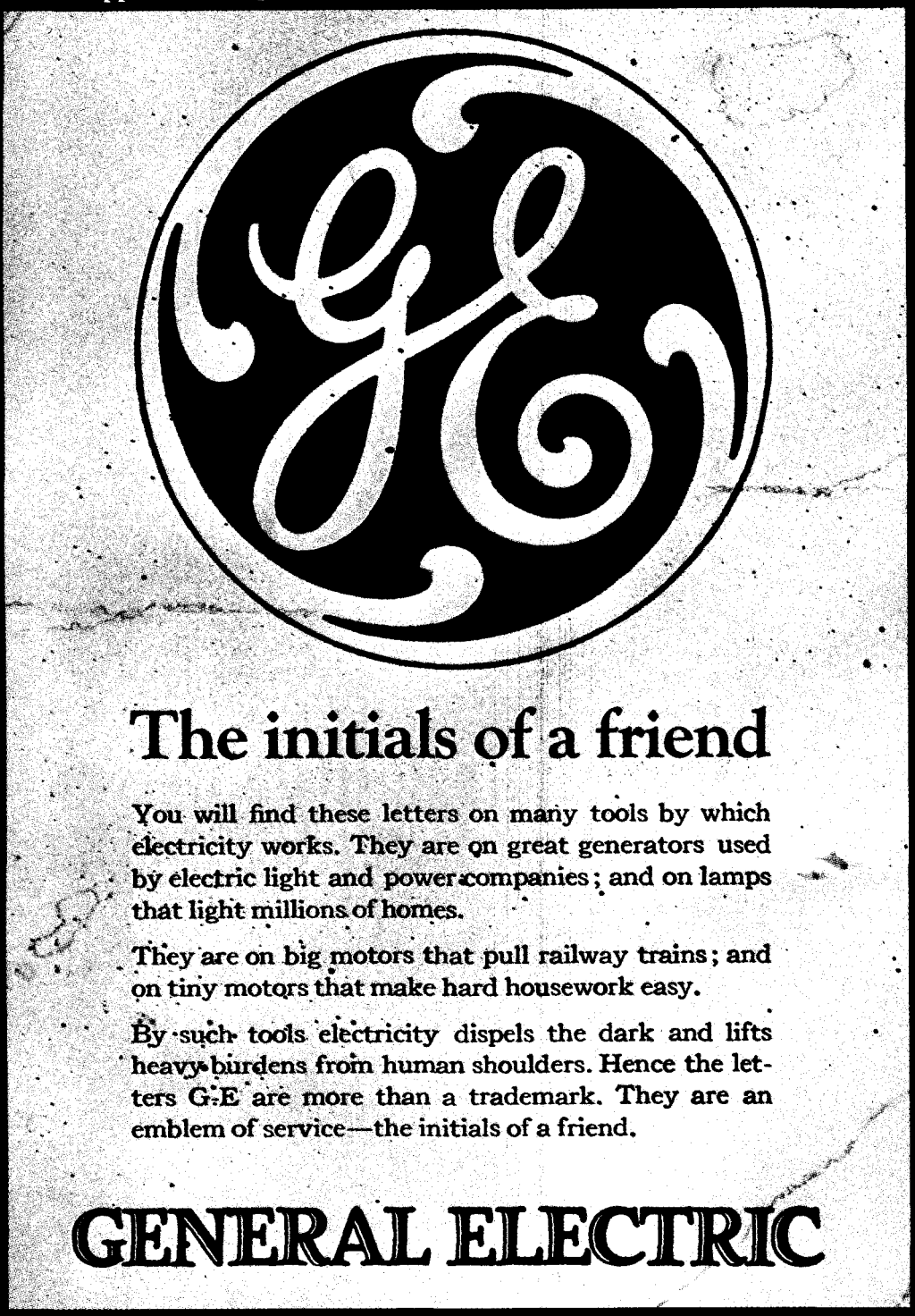
This ad appeared in September, 1923


The initials of a friend
You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.
They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.
By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Some things never change.

This ad has long been recognized as one of the best of the past 100 years. It stated a philosophy of doing business — to make not only good products but products that could help human progress.

When General Electric first started, there was no way of knowing that the GE trademark would eventually be found on refrigerators, air conditioners and TV sets. Those items just didn't exist. Even today, people are surprised to find the GE trademark is also on such things as space satellites, radar and plastics.

Who knows? 100 years from now, those initials might be found on a space vehicle carrying colonists to another planet.

The GE trademark will continue to be "an emblem of service — the initials of a friend."

100 Years of
Progress for People

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Commercial Comedy as Art

by Martin Gottfried

London

THE THEATER is a pragmatic medium. The play that tries to be great stands less chance with tomorrow than the one that merely aims to succeed today. Yet today we are more concerned with history's judgment than with our own. It is as if we are afraid of being embarrassed by time.

The National Theater of Great Britain is taking a second look, these days, at commercial comedy. It is looking for art in works that intellectuals have always scorned. And it has come up with two examples that have proven popular among critics and audiences alike: Ben Travers's *Plunder* and Alan Ayckbourn's *Bedroom Farce*.

It is hardly peculiar for a prestigious repertory company to be reviving a 1928 farce. Ben Travers is so recently of the past that he is alive, and at 92 is even still writing plays. Forty and 50 years ago he was a fabulous commercial success. His *Plunder* ran 344 performances in 1928. Now Travers has suddenly become respectable—indeed, acclaimed as found gold.

It is certainly odd, however, for the National Theater to be staging a new work by a commercially successful playwright. Alan Ayckbourn is hardly the sort of playwright that theater would usually produce. There is a strict caste system dividing the presumably artistic playwright from the commercial one, a system that relegates the latter to the West End in London and to Broadway in America. The idea is logical in some ways: Commercial plays are usually thin and have no trouble winning productions in the mass theater. The play appealing to audiences of more refined taste *needs* a subsidized theater.

Yet, in that very respect, the caste system makes no sense at all, for it scorns popularity as proof of triviality. The theater intellectual should pay more attention to public taste. Of course, there is a type of British comedy more mindless than anything Broadway ever produces (the *No Sex Please, We're British* kind). But Ayckbourn is hardly in that class. His plays are not merely funny; they are actually about the technique of playwriting. For example, *How the Other Half Loves* presents two entirely different families in two entirely separate stories played out on the same set at the same time. *Absurd Person Singular* is actually three short pieces presented as if they were acts in a full-length play. *The Norman Conquests* is made of three full-length plays, each with the same characters, each happening at the same time in different parts of a house.

Funnier, to be honest, than Travers's *Plunder*, one of a series of successes in the Twenties and Thirties written mostly (but not exclusively) by Travers. Known as "Aldwych farces," they were so called because they were all of a type. Produced by and starring the actor-impresario Tommy Walls, they brought the music-hall tradition of comedy to the legitimate stage.

Plunder is about a "cat burglar"—a playboy who specializes in stealing jewels from the homes of wealthy matrons. In this instance, his prey is a crude, one-time housekeeper who has twice married rich, each husband conveniently old and ailing. She and the burglar are not the only plunderers on the scene. Nearly everyone in Traver's play is after someone else's money. So the issue is: Who is the real plunderer?

The National Theater's production is swift and elegant. John Standing and Dinsdale Landen, we can assume, accurately reproduce the original styles of Walls and his Aldwych costar, Ralph Lynn, as the cat burglar and his bumbling accomplice. Standing, the better actor, can remove himself from his character and lend the production a modern perspective. Landen plunges too deeply into the "silly ass" style of clowning that Lynn had brought from the music-hall stage.

In an interview for the National Theater's program, Ayckbourn said, "Comedy consists of larger-than-life characters in real situations. Farce, on the other hand, protrays real characters projected into incredible situations." In *Bedroom Farce* he combines the two and creates "a comedy about real characters who, projected into incredible situations, start behaving in a larger-than-life manner as the situations appear to them too horribly real."

The character in the play who most behaves this way is named Trevor, a young man caught in an unhappy, embattled, once exciting and now sexless marriage. Invited to a housewarming party, he and his wife disrupt it with their public fighting. Not content with spoiling the party, Trevor insists on paying a friend a midnight visit to apologize for kissing his friend's wife and, near dawn, dropping in on his aggrieved hosts to ask them to forgive him for ruining their evening. Trevor's wife, meanwhile, calls on his parents for a little sympathy.

In pursuing his scheme of extreme behavior, Ayckbourn has confused his play, for it is going its own way and is up to other things. Ironically, those things are more interesting than the author's stated aims. For like his earlier plays, *Bedroom Farce* is an exercise in the technique of comedy. Three bedrooms are on stage throughout the performance: those of Trevor's parents, his friends, and his party hosts. A bedroom farce of sorts is happening in each, and each is skillfully written.

I do not know whether Ayckbourn wrote *Bedroom Farce* with the National Theater in mind, but it would seem that the play suffered from his ignoring his own intention "to remain popular without being adopted by too many serious-minded theater pundits."

Left to his own impulses, Ayckbourn came closer to that objective than when trying to follow his more pretentious purpose. Ayckbourn would do well to follow the example of Travers, who was perfectly happy to write those Aldwych farces with nothing more in mind than entertainment and popularity, and let the National Theater discover him 50 years from now. Theater is best when not written with the ages in mind. Let the future make history of the present, for if we try to write for posterity we will make nothing worth remembering.◉

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DANCE

Baryshnikov as "Just Another Dancer"

by Walter Terry

"MR. BALANCHINE," asked the director of Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens during a transatlantic call to New York, "could you give me casting information for the New York City Ballet's engagement here in Tivoli?" There was barely a pause before Balanchine, artistic director of the NYCB, replied, "Why do you want to know?" The query and the answer pinpointed a problem that is of concern to the entire ballet world. Mikhail Baryshnikov, after Rudolf Nureyev dance's biggest box office attraction, recently left American Ballet Theatre (where he was the undisputed star) to join Balanchine's militantly anti-star company. Bookers of ballet, such as Tivoli's director, want to know when Baryshnikov will dance so that those performances can be publicized and a full house assured. Balanchine wants the public to attend his ballet performances regardless of who is dancing. Balletomanes, however, buy tickets not to see works choreographed by Balanchine (or by Jerome Robbins, the NYCB's other principal choreographer) but to see a favorite dancer perform.

Baryshnikov, who defected from the Soviet Union in 1974 for purely artistic reasons, left American Ballet Theatre this summer to work with the world-famous "Mr. B." at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.). He was to dance in his first Balanchine work. Ballet fans from far and wide, hoping to see their adored "Misha," converged on Saratoga. Spies were everywhere, trying to second-guess Balanchine, who had devised several schemes to thwart the fans: Rehearsal times were changed in the huge outdoor theater; performance schedules were altered; printed materials containing casting information would read "to be announced" for performances in which it was almost certain that Baryshnikov would dance; backstage areas were shut, locked, guarded. Still, the fans came and hoped, and hawkers of souvenir programs called out "Get yer Baryshnikov photos here."

Baryshnikov made his debut with the NYCB in *Coppélia*, which he has danced many times, although in a somewhat different version. His next appearance was in Robbins's *Afternoon of a Faun*. But his first real Balanchine assignment was the role of the cocky young officer in *Stars and Stripes*. He brought to the part his remarkable virtuosity, his acting skill, his comic gifts, his exuberant personality, and, yes, his star quality. The audience went wild.

Panov

Balanchine

But how long can this association last? At first, the bets in ballet circles were that Baryshnikov would play by Balanchine's "rules" for a year; now the betting gives the Russian dancer six months. Two decades ago, Erik Bruhn, the male superstar of that era, departed after two short engagements. A decade ago, Ivan Nagy, who had just defected from Hungary, fled from Balanchine's domain after a few weeks and soon won international fame with ABT.

There are many questions about Baryshnikov's move to NYCB. Why, in the first place, did he give up thousands of dollars per performance with ABT for a paltry few hundred a week with NYCB? Why did he give up his star status for Balanchine's treatment of him as "just a dancer"? The reason is simple, although a Wall Street wizard

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might find it incomprehensible. Baryshnikov left his homeland, which he loves, not for money or fame or political freedom, but for new artistic opportunities, challenges, experiences, and exposure to new kinds of art. He left personal guidance he desperately seeks from a seemingly indifferent ballet master. We will just have to wait to see if the coming together of Ballet, Balanchine, and Baryshnikov will prove to be an association or a confrontation.

Jeanne Grundberg

Galina Panov

Baryshnikov

money, stardom, and a fantastic repertory with ABT so he could learn the Balanchine masterpieces from Balanchine, and so he could place himself under the tutelage of the man he considers today's major ballet force.

But the basic problems remain. No one knows if Baryshnikov will forgo star status for long. Or whether Balanchine's will is stronger than the public's and can make Baryshnikov "just another dancer" in the NYCB. Or whether this dancer will receive the

Valery Panov and his wife, Galina, also left the Soviet Union. They didn't, however, defect but fled after the free world cried out for their release from cruel punishment inflicted upon them for daring to request permission to emigrate to Israel. Following the Panovs' move to the free world in 1975, their fans gladly anticipated their return to their previous dance form through the practice and coaching they had been denied in the USSR. They started to dance almost immediately, though not very well, but because they were celebrities, they were highly paid for their appearances.

Recently, they danced in New York City as guest artists with the Berlin Opera Ballet, a competent but provincial company. It was immediately apparent that if any dancers need to be bridled (and, perhaps, even broken) by Balanchine or any ballet master with authority and taste, those dancers are the Panovs. At his peak, Panov was a striking virtuoso as a *demi-caractère* dancer and a performer (I first reviewed him in New York in 1959 when he danced in the Russian Festival of Music and Dance). But he also gave a new dimension to the term *ham*. Today, his virtuosity is diminishing, the hamming is more blatant, and tastelessness prevails.

At one performance of *Giselle* in which Panov played the secondary role of Hilarion, a gamekeeper, he not only characterized Hilarion as a near-anthropoid villain—instead of as a rough youth eliciting sympathy—but he also upstaged the principals, Giselle and Albrecht. In the curtain calls, he patently banished Eva Evdokimova (Giselle) from the stage—insulting her as a lady and humiliating her as a ballerina by taking a solo bow for himself. The same protocol about precedence in bows applies to all the performing arts—ballet, opera, and theater. Panov ignored such accepted standards. He chose to be a boor, and after dancing badly at that.

As for Mrs. Panov (Galina Ragozina or Panova), she is young and very talented but undisciplined, unpolished, unguided.

Their performing ranged from competent through distressing to downright appalling. Some critics, particularly those who had been especially active in appeals for the couple's release from Russia, lavished paeans on them that would have embarrassed Terpsichore herself. But these reviewers, in most instances, were cheering the principals of a just cause and not reviewing a pair of dancers who need, far more than Baryshnikov, the anonymity and discipline a Balanchine would demand of them. Their fight for the freedom to dance is wholly admirable and to be applauded by the entire world. But the way they dance today is inexcusable and, at least in the case of Mrs. Panov, unnecessary. If their last name had been Smith instead of Panov, would the critical response to their performance with the Berlin Opera Ballet have been so pitifully mindless? ●

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THE MOVIES

Beauty and the Beasts in *A Slave of Love*

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

WE DON'T often see Soviet movies these days, so I went to *A Slave of Love* (Mosfilm) hardly knowing what to expect. The film shows us, before the titles, an audience in a theater watching a magniloquent silent film called *A Slave of Love*. The police stop the performance, seize a man, take him into the streets, smash him against a plate-glass window, and throw him into a truck. Then come the titles, and soon we are in the Crimea where the company that made *A Slave of Love* is at work on a new movie.

It is 1919. The Bolsheviks have established themselves in the north, but General Denikin's White troops still control the Black Sea coast. Caught in the cross-currents are the movie people, oblivious to politics, scrounging for film, determined to keep on turning out their ham melodramas as if nothing has happened. We are, one of them says, like "children forgotten in a nursery when the house is on fire."

I don't know whether the film industry breeds the same types everywhere or whether even the Soviet cinema takes its models from Hollywood, but the characters are instantly recognizable—the harassed producer; the fat director, screaming at the actors, smoking cigars, worrying about his weight; the star, beautiful, flirtatious, pouting, temperamental. Only the cameraman is different, an enigmatic, withdrawn young man who spends much of his time gazing longingly at the star.

Reality hovers in the background. The company is waiting for the male lead, only to learn that he has stayed in Moscow and joined the Revolution. They find a new lead, a poseur with a falsetto voice. The star and the cameraman begin to fall in love. General Denikin's local intelligence chief calls on the troupe and gives the star a bouquet. It is summer with bright sunlight and brilliant flowers. When the cameraman takes the star for a spin in his open roadster, the dust rising from the road envelops the car like a sandstorm.

Gradually we understand that the cameraman is a revolutionary, secretly taking pictures of White atrocities for the Bolshevik underground. The star helps him conceal a reel of film from the police. She is drawn into the underground because she loves the cameraman, because she is a romantic who likes to play roles, because she thinks it is so "wonderful to be wrapped up in a cause, to be doing something useful. I want to exist, the way a tree exists, or a blade of grass." Deliberately or not, the film offers a sketch of a type not unknown in the United States—the movie star as fellow traveler.

The atmosphere darkens. It is autumn. The Red Army moves south. The White intelligence operation closes in on the underground. The pretitle sequence is repeated, at last in context. The cameraman is shot down as he drives his car across an empty square. The intelligence chief and his agents search the quarters of the film troupe looking for the reels of atrocity film. The Red underground rescues the film, kills the intelligence chief, and sends the star back to her hotel in an empty streetcar. The motorman jumps from the car and betrays her to the Whites. They pursue her on horseback as the car careers down the tracks. As they gain on her, she cries out, "You're worse than beasts."

I found *A Slave of Love* an attractive and affecting movie. It is true enough that the revolutionaries would turn out to be worse than beasts. A top Cheka official boasted in 1920 that from January 1918 to July 1919 the Cheka had arrested 86,893 people, executed 8,389, and sent 9,496 to the camps. But this fact does not invalidate the emotions of members of a movie troupe living under the White terror in the Crimea.

It is true also that once or twice the ideological symbolism of the film becomes excessive. When the cameraman tells the star that "a new world is being born," a preposterous gale suddenly blows up to underline the point of drastic upheaval. At the film's end, the camera sweeps from the streetcar up into the sky, incongruously religious in its suggestion of the heroine's ascension to heaven. Moreover, the color is often garish; the hero appears to have orange hair. And the subtitles are clumsily written and timed.

For all these defects, director Nikita Mikhalkov has a sure instinct for human relationships. His evocation of the wrangling camaraderie involved in film-making is reminiscent of Truffaut's *Day for Night*. He manages with sensitivity the deepening in mood, from the idle self-indulgence of the movie troupe at the start to the grim shocks of reality at the end. Elena Solovey as the star has a shrill and insistent voice, but she is visually quite perfect and wholly convincing in her transformation from self-centered frivolity to bemused commitment. In a modest way *A Slave of Love* is an atmospheric triumph. Cinema 5 is to be commended for arranging its American release. ◉

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TELEVISION

PBS in the Fogbank of Faith

by Karl E. Meyer

THE TROUBLE WITH most religious programming is that it is the opiate of the already converted. This reproach scarcely applies to "The Long Search," a 13-part public television series that ambitiously attempts a grand tour of the City of God in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry rather than pious exhortation. However flawed the result, the programs have a redeeming merit—they can be viewed without wincing even by unbelievers.

More than three years ago Ronald Eyre and a BBC crew embarked on a quest that encompassed 13 countries and involved close encounters with adherents of every major creed. Eyre, a playwright and director of whom I know nothing, seems to be yet another Englishman born with a silver tongue and a trouper's poise; his literate presence keeps the programs from dwindling into travelogue.

Still, the very requirements of television conspire to render God invisible. It is the pageantry of worship that the camera catches, and when the search is over, it is the people we remember, not the creed. This difficulty was apparent in the two excellent programs that inaugurated the series this month. (The one-hour programs will continue weekly through December on most Public Broadcasting Service stations; consult your local television listings for times.)

In the premiere program, the setting was Indianapolis and the subject American Protestantism. Producer Peter Montagnon and his crew were uncannily skillful in capturing the certitude of born-again fundamentalists (heaven is as real a place as Chicago, a preacher informs us), the guilt-ridden liberalism of affluent Methodists, and the early Christian simplicity of a black revivalist congregation.

The fare, however, was visual and not spiritual. A compelling sequence, showing two teenage girls singing an anti-Darwin hymn ("I'm no kin to the monkey, no, no, no"), a wonderfully human snapshot, told more about Middle America than it did about the ways of God. In short, every television success was a theological defeat.

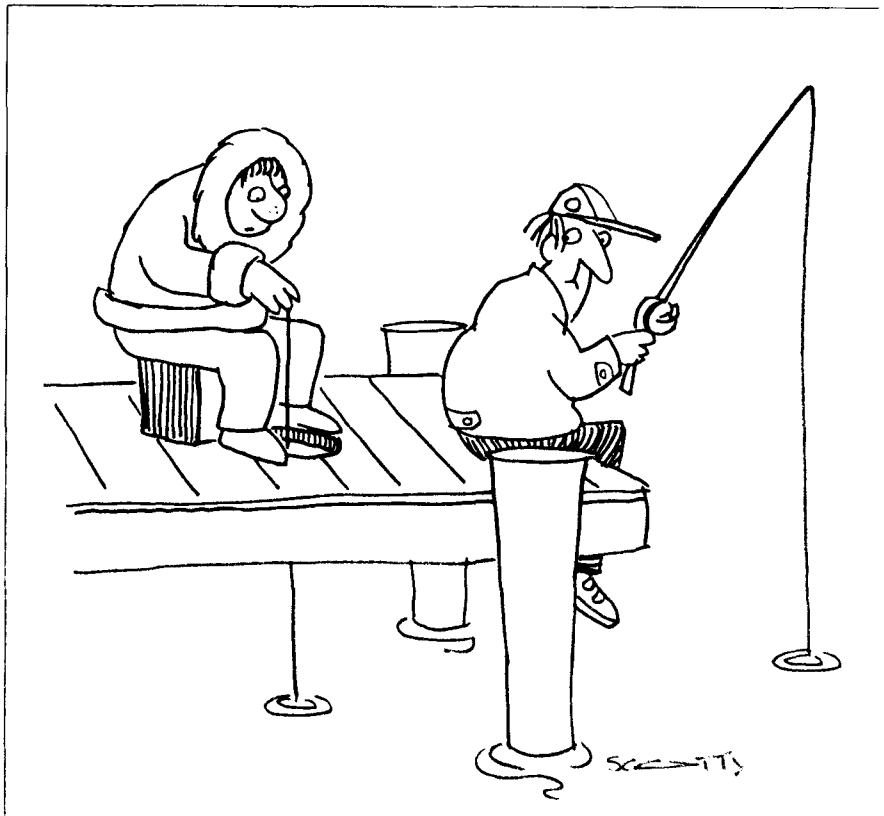
This was even more true in the second program, *Footprints of the Buddha*, filmed in Sri Lanka and visually dominated by aging monks in saffron robes. I never did get a clear sense of Buddhist beliefs, save in the most general terms, but I was enthralled by a sequence in which a 10-year-old boy became a novitiate. His gleaming head freshly shaved, he knelt at the feet of monks whose wizened features recalled *Lost Horizon*.

Confusing (to me) was a sequence in which the statues of Buddha were extolled as icons embodying spiritual truths, and yet a few minutes later the same seer told Eyre that statuary is "the kindergarten department of the spiritual life."

Thus "The Long Search," judging by the three installments I've seen, is at its most impressive when it presents the living image and at its feeblest when concerned with doctrine. It has persuaded me that we may never glimpse the *Imago Dei* through the eye of television, though I was still curious how Eyre would wind up his quest in the final program, to be shown in December.

In that program Eyre, dressed in a white cable-stitch sweater and seated in his London apartment, strove for a chatty tone as he discussed celestial mysteries. No, he does not believe that God is a great white face in the sky; yes, he does believe that God exists, and that all the great world religions are like different climbing kits for mountaineers ascending the same great peak. I am afraid he did not fairly state the intellectual difficulties involved in belief but relied instead on verbal dexterity to mask the fogbank at the peak of the mountain.

Perhaps I am unfair in expecting more, given the deep emotions the subject necessarily arouses. (It is unimaginable that a Voltaire or a Mencken would ever get equal time on religious programming.) In any event, "The Long Search" at least attempted to examine, rather than exhort, and full credit for the venture should be given to its coproducers: BBC, Time-Life Television, and R.M. Productions in Munich. It is presented by KCET of Los Angeles, and has as underwriter (aptly) the Xerox Corporation, the *deus ex machina* of modern communications. ◉



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What Are They Reading in China?

by Miriam London and Mu Yang-jen

THE SINGLE BOOK that has probably made the greatest impact on educated urban readers in the People's Republic of China during the Seventies is William Shirer's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. How can this be? Isn't it true that until quite recently the central authorities tried to shield the general public from everything but "Newspeak"? True. Simon Leys's brilliant and anguished report on China's obscurantist cultural policy since the mid-Sixties, *Chinese Shadows* (excerpted in the June 25, 1977 issue of *SR*), has at last been confirmed by Peking. Indeed, the *People's Daily* is only a metaphor away from Leys's indictment of a bleak decade: Where he speaks of a publishing "drought" and cultural "thirst," the newspaper speaks (January 10, 1978) of a "book famine" and the "spiritual hunger" of the "broad masses"—all the fault, of course, of the "Gang of Four."

Not that China's printing presses were idle during those years. On January 20, 1978, the *Peking Review* reported the Gang "wasted a total of 40,000 tons of paper" on "reactionary" books. The Shirer book is not to be found among these brightly bound works on conspicuous display. It exists only in the shadow China outside the tourist strip, and its four volumes are appropriately colored gray.

On the second floor of the Hsin Hua bookstore, on Peking Road, in Canton, there is a large room accessible only to persons with a special permit—mostly high-ranking cadres of the 13th grade and above and a few "high-class" intellectuals. In this and similar rooms in other cities across China, permit bearers may buy or borrow the gray-cover books, which are usually stamped INTERNAL READING MATERIALS and printed in outsize characters to spare the eyes of the higher cadres, who are generally old men. A complete catalog of these books is inaccessible, but two facts about them are certain: They include an expanding list of contemporary foreign works, mainly American and Soviet, in competent Chinese translation; and they circulate with amazing ease through the "back door." The higher cadres themselves and their children open this door.

Such is the rage to read foreign translations, especially among the older and better educated city residents, that people figuratively queue up for them. An intellectual in Shanghai, for example, had only two days in 1975 to read the two-volume translation (stamped ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL) of *Khrushchev Remembers* when his "turn" came because so many others were waiting "in line."

The authorities' reason for issuing the translations is ostensibly to provide the Party elite with a "negative education," or at least with reference materials on the outside world. Hence, the internal name for the use of the books—"radar." Translations of Soviet publications like Marshal Zhukov's *Reminiscences and Reflections* (1969) and *The General Staff During the War Years* (Vol. 1, 1968; Vol. 2, 1973), the war memoirs of General S.M. Shtemenko, once Chief of Staff of the Warsaw Pact Forces, suggest an understandable preoccupation with the Soviet military mind. This may also explain the singling out for translation of *Prague Spring* by Z.A.B. Zeman, a 1969 British pamphlet on the Czechoslovakian political situation that invited Soviet invasion. Interestingly, however, it is a document quite sympathetic to "socialism with a humane face."

A NUMBER OF books belong to the category of revelations about foreign intelligence operations, including the C.I.A. and German espionage networks. A very recent translation (in a dark green cover) is John Barron's *KGB*. The lives and thoughts of Western political leaders form another category. Churchill's *The Second World War* was translated in 24 volumes. Truman's "memoirs," Nixon's *Six Crises*, biographies of Gerald Ford and Kissinger, and the latter's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* are a sampling of a long list. An assortment of American fiction ranges from anti-Nazi novels of the Forties by Anna Seghers and Albert Maltz—whose book *The Cross and the Arrow* had circulated openly before the cultural revolution, when he had been considered a "progressive" writer in China—to recent best sellers like *Love Story* and *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Some novels that are not translated are summarized or condensed in an irregularly issued restricted journal, *Translated Excerpts*, which describes various cultural activities in foreign countries. A condensation of *The Godfather*, about 10 pages long, has even appeared in the journal.

The relative ease with which such "restricted" books have circulated among a wider public has caused some speculation among Chinese readers. To one recent legal emigrant from central China, it almost seemed that the "above" intended to impart knowledge to the literate public. This led him to wonder who chose the books—particularly, he stressed, since they "stimulated much thinking about Chinese realities." Other readers in Shanghai and Canton wondered whether the selection of books reflected conflicting political purposes at the top—possibly conflicts between the Chiang Ch'ing clique (with Mao "backstage") and members of the Chou En-lai faction. For example, *The Wide World*, a novel by Stalin-Prize winner Semyon Babayevsky (a literary nonentity), suggested to some readers a connection between the premature "retirement" of Stalinist cadres alluded to in the novel and the persecution of the veteran cadres by the radicals in China. Indeed, the reasons behind the selection seem complicated, in the shadier Chinese sense of the word.

The censorship of the translations is not a simple matter either. The Shanghainese who spent two days reading Khrushchev's memoir sensed from the chronology that a chapter on Sino-Soviet relations must be missing. From this we know that Chapter 18, "Mao Tse-tung and the Schism," was excised. But Chapter 11 was not. It was from that chapter that he first learned that North Korea had been the aggressor in the Korean War.

The official rationale for publication of a particular book and reader reaction to it may be at odds. For example, the preface to the translation of *The Ugly*

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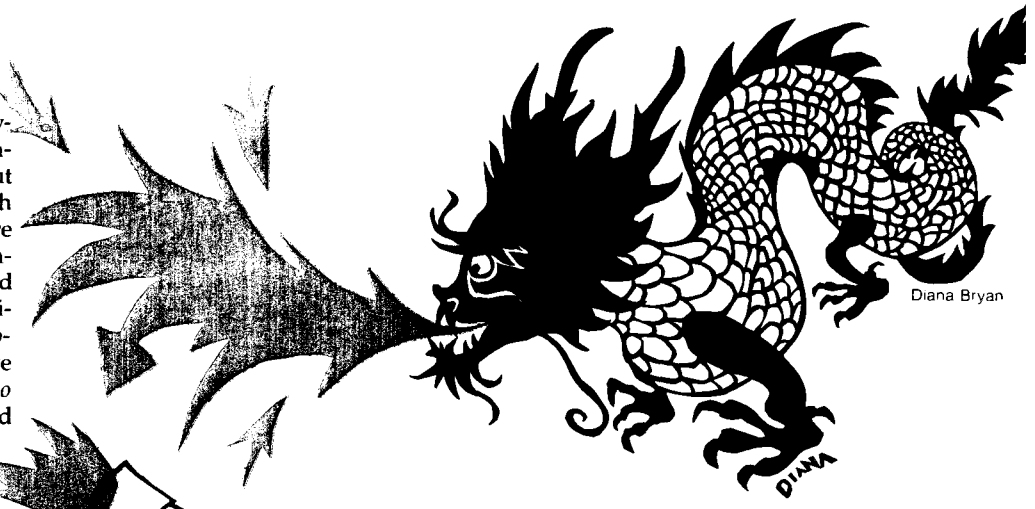

American "explains" the book as showing that Americans, despite their penetrations of many lands, are fools. But the impression left on the son of a high Party cadre was that Americans were "kinder than the Soviets." A more intriguing example is that of Vsevolod Kochetov, a Stalinist hack and late editor-in-chief of the Soviet journal *October*. Most of Kochetov's works have been translated, including his novel *So What Do You Want?* (1969)—an insipid smear of the West, émigré intellectuals, and (through innuendo) Jews. What interests Chinese readers in Kochetov is his incidental parting of the curtain on the "darker side of Soviet society"! According to one university graduate from Shanghai, he also appeals to mainland intellectuals because he reflects "the state of mind of many intellectuals under communism, who are dissatisfied with reality but still harbor illusions."

CURIOSITY ABOUT the locked-out world is one obvious reason for Chinese readers' fascination with foreign books. There is another more portentous reason: The foreign works introduce sharp, new slants on Chinese reality. The major impact of the Shirer book derives not so much from what it reveals about Nazi Germany, but from what it suggests to many Chinese about China. Reader reactions make this plain: An educated worker began to see retrospectively that the worship of Mao had been "just like the Hitlerian cult... that the radicals' actions during the Cultural Revolution had, in fact, been learned from the Nazis.... Lin Piao [and other leaders] had instigated young people using Hitler's methods." A girl music student drew direct analogies: "Our Workers' Patrols are like the Gestapo. The core of the Red Guard organization was like the Storm Troopers, but the grass-roots Red Guards were like the Hitler Youth." An engineer felt that the book served Party purposes in exposing "Hitler's cruelty and the ugly history under the Nazis. On the other hand, it tells sufficiently what dictatorships are like generally... I thought of chiefs of state—whether presidents, premiers, chairmen—if they're lifetime leaders, there's got to be a problem....It occurred to me that Mao was comparable with [the aging] Hindenburg or Stalin....In other words, Mao was a senile emperor."

It is a long way down from this serious reading to the literary fare of most younger readers in Chinese cities. The generation gap is also a literary one. The "little red book" in the hands of millions of middle-school students a decade ago has since been replaced by a little "yellow" (meaning pornographic) book—undoubtedly the hit novelette of Chinese adolescents. *A Maiden's Heart* is a mediocre first-person tale of a girl's sexual adventures. Some believe the author of its allegedly 30-odd mimeographed or handwritten pages to be a "female hoodlum." One schoolgirl in Canton was told by her teacher, who confiscated a copy in class, that it had been written in Shanghai "by a Taiwan agent, in order to undermine the morals of Chinese youth." Recent Chinese emigrants attribute the success of this and similar books to adolescent curiosity about a suppressed topic and to boredom with state publications, which read "like old monks' scripts"— a view now openly concurred in by the present regime, which has finally acknowledged the existence of such "poisonous" underground novels.

Other novels popular among school boys and girls may be classified as pure entertainment. They include handwritten and mimeographed copies of third-rate Soviet spy stories, published in China during the early Sixties, and thrillers of apparently native origin, with titles like *One Embroidered Shoe* and *Strange Piano Sounds*. A few masterpieces of Western detective fiction also circulate, proving the universality of their appeal, even among poorly informed readers. This year, a middle-school graduate just out of China tried to recall for us the name of an outstanding "Russian" detective story popular in his home town. "Oh yes," he said finally, "I remember—*Sherlock Holmes*!"

The craving of young people for first-rate adventure tales can be measured by the fact that even plots of Western films jotted down by some lucky viewer are avidly hand-copied and read. In the process, the story may be unintentionally sinicized. One "book" of this sort currently floating around China sounds like a blend of *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, with a strangely contemporary Oriental elaboration of the hero's revenge against his uncle. The theme of revenge—a burning reality for so many Chinese during these years of political seesawing—probably accounts in part for the continuing popularity in China of *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

IN RECENT MONTHS, a dissident-left émigré journal in Hong Kong, *Yellow River*, has called attention to a more seriously creative form of handwritten underground literature, supposedly known to very small circles in China. The more interesting novels described were evidently written by young veterans of the Cultural Revolution, disillusioned by the collapse of their revolutionary ideals. An unusual and more widespread novel, overlooked by this journal, is *Return to the Homeland*, whose heroine is said to be in reality a *famous* Columbia University scientist. Since none of these underground novels has ever surfaced outside China, it is not possible to estimate their literary worth. The few allegedly authentic poems and essay fragments that have been published thus far in Hong Kong are more examples of raw self-expression than art.

What China has apparently *not* been reading is the assembly-line product of the state literary mill. A satirical underground ballad ticks off the plot formula for such books:

Brigade head or director commits an error,
Party secretary to the rescue,
Class struggle full steam ahead,
Grand finale: Arrest of a big agent.

As the *People's Daily* admits at last: "Read one book and you know them all....There is nothing in them to read." ◉

Miriam London is a researcher in Chinese and Soviet studies, and has traveled to the Far East many times.

Mu Yang-jen is a professor of history at an American college.

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Facts of Living

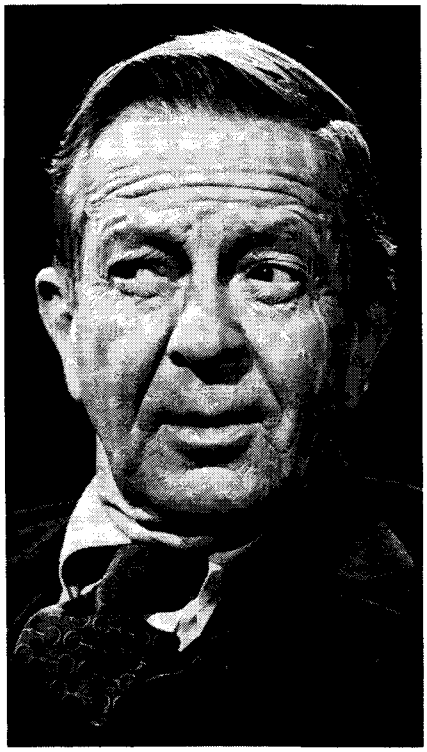
The Stories of John Cheever
by John Cheever
Knopf, 693 pp., $15

Reviewed by John Irving

JOHN CHEEVER published his first collection of short stories in 1942, the year I was born. I've been reading his stories ever since I was old enough. My grandmother introduced them to me, although I don't recall her expressing a critical opinion of them; she was simply proud that she and John Cheever had both attended Thayer Academy in South Braintree, Massachusetts. The decorum in Cheever's narrative voice surely appealed to my grandmother; perhaps she hoped that some of it might rub off on me. She is 95 now, and to return the enormous favor she did me by introducing me to Cheever, I am going to give her *The Stories of John Cheever* for Christmas.

The 61 stories Cheever has selected for this collection date from Cheever's honorable discharge from the army at the end of World War II. "Even a selected display of one's early work will be a naked history of one's struggle to receive an education in economics and love," Cheever writes in his charming preface, adding: "The constants that I look for in this sometimes dated paraphernalia are a love of light and a determination to trace some moral chain of being." Those constants are what we find in Cheever's work, too: His sympathy for people is consistently strong. Cheever shows a steady affection for even the nastiest of his characters—even at their most degraded moments. In the darkest of his stories there shines a light; that light is Cheever's loyalty to human beings—in spite of ourselves. "In order to see anything," he writes, "you have, I think, to know the keenness of love."

In "A Vision of the World," a story about a rather sad, ordinarily married man, whose dreams and supermarket fantasies are his only exotic pleasures, Cheever awakens the man, disturbed by the sound of rain, from a dream about lovers. The lonely man sits up in bed and exclaims aloud to himself: "'Valor! Love! Virtue! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! Beauty!' The words seem to have the colors of the earth and as I recite them I feel my hopefulness mount until I am contented and at peace with the night." And if Cheever's often-anthologized,



"A Country Husband" is famous for its last line, promising that even in suburbia there is magic and romance—"It is a night where kings in golden suits ride elephants over the mountains"—it is the hero's simple, choked admission to his psychiatrist ("I'm in love, Dr. Herzog") that touches us and reminds us that falling in love, or needing to, is the world's fondest pain.

What makes the affirmation of humanity in Cheever's work so successful is that he never chooses easy subjects for love. Rarely do his stories lack inevitable suffering, vulgar and human cravings (lust and booze foremost among these), troubled people who stand on some brink of despair—typically unnoticed by their brethren. Cheever writes about characters difficult to forgive, but he usually forgives them. Divorce, bigotry, neglected children, humiliating seductions, social rakes, and unhappy lovers are the factual matter of Cheever's best writing. It is all the more astonishing an achievement that he reaches such respect for life *in spite of* the way the world is.

In "Goodbye, My Brother," the opening story of this collection, the narrator bashes his brother on the head with a water-logged root for the best of all possible reasons: His brother, Lawrence, is "a gloomy son of a bitch," negative to his depressing core. "It is like Lawrence," the narrator writes, "to try to read significance and finality into every gesture that we make, and it is certain of Lawrence that when he finds the inner logic of our conduct, it will be sordid." Such easy nihilism is never Cheever's way; he is not like Lawrence. Although he is incredibly wise about our weaknesses—and honest in reporting them—he does not dwell on them. He believes in "the restoration of patience and the rediscovery of inexhaustible good will." In the last story of this collection, "The Jewels of the Cabots," Cheever writes:

"Children drown, beautiful women are mangled in automobile accidents, cruise ships founder, and men die lingering deaths in mines and submarines, but you will find none of this in my accounts. In the last chapter the ship comes home to port, the children are saved, the miners will be rescued. Is this an infirmity of the genteel or a conviction that there are discernible moral truths? Mr. X defecated in his wife's top drawer. This is a fact, but I claim that it is not a truth."

The narrator of this story tells us that his "real work ... is to write an edition of *The New York Times* that will bring gladness to the hearts of men." How better could one occupy oneself? Cheever asks.

Yet one is grateful, in this broad and rich collection, for the occasional story wherein the children are *not* saved, the miners *not* rescued. In "The Scarlet Moving Van," Cheever introduces a breed so prone to drink, and prone to misbehave when drunk, that their doom is to always be moving away—we recognize the lost jobs, the insulted friends, and the weary wives who move with these wretches. It is a bleak look: No kings in golden suits can ride elephants out of *this* mess. The presence of a few stories like these adds power to the larger, more frequent vision of some light at the end of the tunnel. In "Brimmer" Cheever chides us: "No one is interested in a character like Brimmer because the facts are indecent and obscene; but come then out of the museums, gardens, and ruins where obscene facts are as numerous as daisies in Nantucket." Cheever's hopefulness should never be confused with the coddled condition of being uninformed. "We live in a world," he writes, "where the banks of even the most remote trout streams are beaten smooth by the boots of fishermen, and the music that drifts down from the medieval walls into the garden where we sit is an old recording of Vivienne Segal singing 'Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered.' "

Cheever writes of a time when "cocktails were the axis of the adult world"; he writes about "that enormous stratum of the middle class that is

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distinguished by its ability to recall better times." But he is never narrowly political about people, never small-minded or mean-spirited in his choice of villains. In "The Bella Lingua," one of several beautiful stories about living abroad, a man observes a crowd laughing hysterically at a cat with a firecracker tied to its tail. He has the sad wisdom to note that "the people who had laughed at the prank were good and kind—most of them affectionate parents. You might have seem them earlier in the day on the Palatine, picking violets."

There are certain details that Cheever can visualize better than any other writer; this collection reveals that he *always* had an instinct for such details. From his early "Torch Song," there is this beauty: "It was one of those trains that move slowly across the face of New Jersey, bringing back to the city hundreds of people, like the victims of an immense and strenuous picnic, whose faces are blazing and whose muscles are lame.And in his recent "The Geometry of Love," there is this: "It was one of those rainy late afternoons when the toy department of Woolworth's on Fifth Avenue is full of women who appear to have been taken in adultery and who are now shopping for a present to carry home to their youngest child."

Since I'm a novelist—whose taste lies solidly with the novel—I must add that this awesome collection of craft and feeling *reads* like a novel. There is not only the wonder of finishing one good story after another, there is that cumulative weight, that sense of deepening, that I have formerly associated only with the consecutiveness of a true (and truly narrative) novel. Although I'd read many of these stories before, reading them consecutively was a compelling experience. Cheever never repeats himself tediously, but he does repeat himself in ways we come to anticipate and love: We await that moment, in so many of these stories, when a character reaches a point of danger. Cheever has so marvelously manipulated us to this point that we linger over it with an intense eagerness, knowing that our hero is in grave yet humorous trouble—that he might soon be rescued by Valor! Love! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! and/or Beauty! (And that, then again, he might not.)

There are stories of New York City and its suburbs, and stories born in summer houses. Cheever loves the ocean, and other water. He believes in "the curative powers of the open sea." There are stories about the middle and

On the road with Jack Kerouac

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Sixteen of *The Stories of John Cheever* moved me as if they had been incredibly lovely and compressed novels. At least 50 stories are stories you'll want to read again, and all 61 have something good enough in them to make you laugh or cry. A woman from Indiana, upon viewing the Hudson River for the first time – "the Rhine of America"– asks her husband why they call the Hudson "the rind of America." In other stories a 62-year-old shoeshine man philosophizes that his terrible lust comes from his being around shoes all the time; an ex-track star who, when he drinks too much, hurdles an obstacle course of living-room furniture, is shot dead by his wife who mishandles the starting gun. One story, "The Bus to St. James," is the saddest love affair you'll ever read about. The variety in these stories and the constancy of Cheever's careful voice give this collection the breadth and wholeness of the biggest of novels. I have not been so held at attention, so thrust into a world of another's making, since I read Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* for the first, amazing time.

"How can a people who do not mean to understand death hope to understand love, and who will sound the alarm?" Cheever writes. "Which one of us is not suspended by a thread above carnal anarchy, and what is that thread but the light of day?" he asks. "We admire decency and we despise death," he writes, "but even the mountains seem to shift in the space of a night and perhaps the exhibitionist at the corner of Chestnut and Elm streets is more significant than the lovely woman with a bar of sunlight in her hair, putting a fresh piece of cuttlebone in the nightingale's cage." Without quarreling over the difference in magnitude between the art forms of the novel and the short story, it is simply possible to say that John Cheever is the best storyteller living; he practices what he preaches better than any of us, and we believe him when he writes, "We can cherish nothing less than our random understanding of death and the earth-shaking love that draws us to one another." ●

John Irving's latest novel is The World According to Garp.

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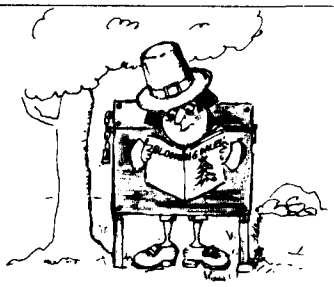

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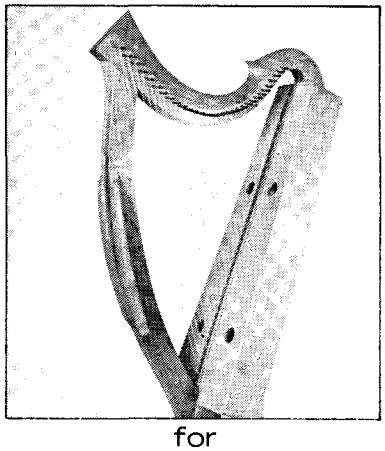

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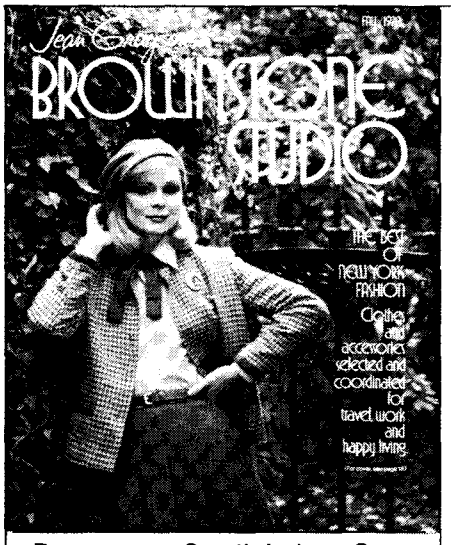
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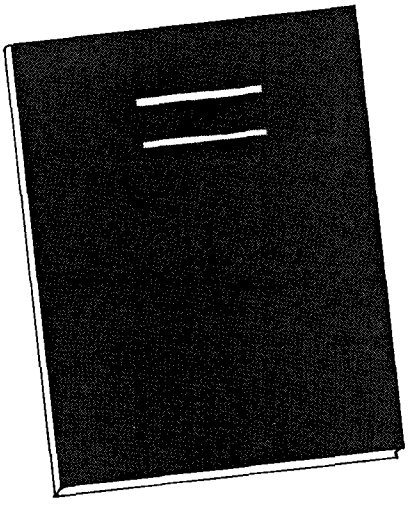

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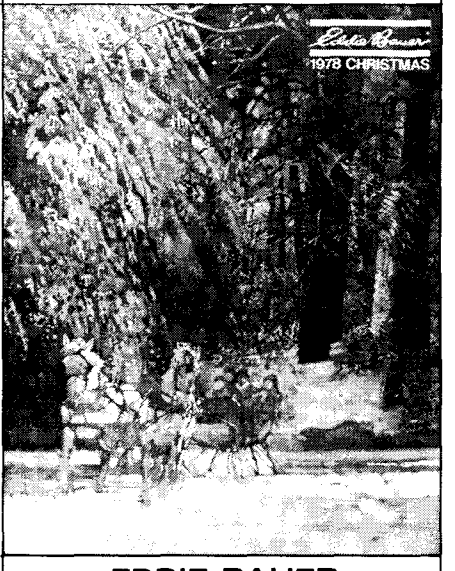

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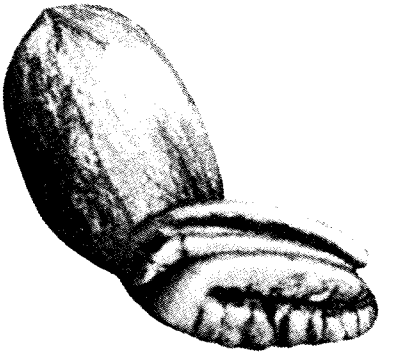

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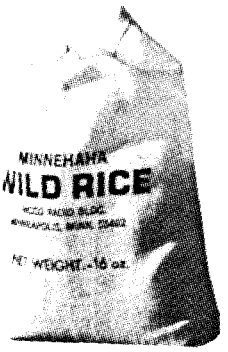

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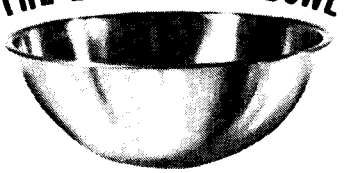

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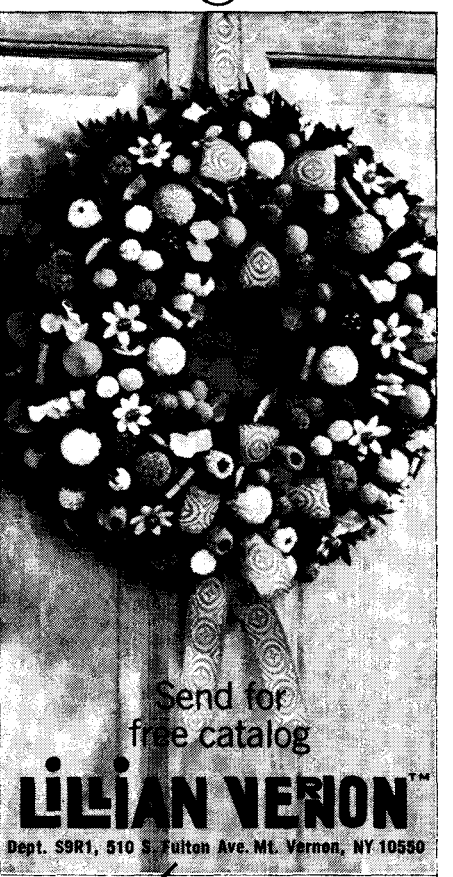

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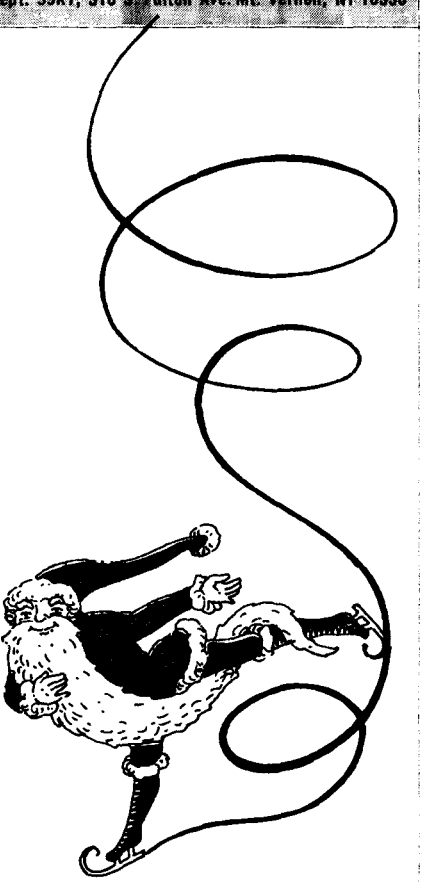

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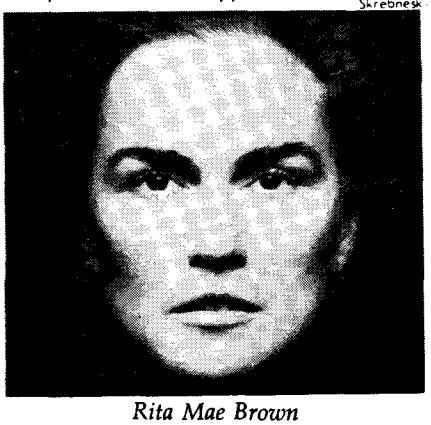
Books in Brief

Six of One

by Rita Mae Brown
Harper & Row, 320 pp., $9.95



Rita Mae Brown

Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle* was an upstart in the publishing world. For a small-press book, for a radical book about women loving women, it reaped a number of establishment rewards: high sales, high praise, required reading in some college courses. *Six of One* is a bright and worthy successor.

Nickel, a young woman whom we just might confuse with Rita Mae Brown, returns to her hometown, the jaunty Runnymede on the Pennsylvania-Maryland border. It is a madcap mixture of North and South, folk spunk and high elegance, and defiantly its own place. The author explores the town's cultural psychology like an American Evelyn Waugh, finding dignity and beauty without bypassing the zany and the corrupt. The present of the novel, 1980, gives way to several excursions to the past, beginning in 1908. In this shifting of scenes through the decades, Nickel learns that hers is a rich legacy: Runnymede's women.

Three generations of spirited women surmount parochial codes and ladylike priorities through harrowing crises and in harmless pranks. They pose as Mission Sisters for a lark ("Fannie concealed the gin in the folds of her expensive dress"), throw a monopoly party using real money. Fannie Jump Creighton runs a speakeasy in the ballroom of her mansion; Celeste Chalfonte shoots a criminal dead. Fairy Thatcher, a political activist, gets trapped in a Nazi death camp. Celeste and Ramelle define love for themselves and live together.

If at times the comedy veers toward slapstick, and if there are spots when the prose just grazes the beauty of the human moment (as in the description of Ramelle's death vision), the novel loses none of its warmth.—JOHN FLUDAS

Ladies' Man

by Richard Price
Houghton Mifflin, 288 pp., $8.95

Kenny Becker narrates his own story of a week-long panic that breaks out when La Donna, the woman he lives with, leaves him and forces him to share his apartment with a person he knows to be part fraud, part dreamer, a college dropout going through some premature mid-life crisis: himself. Like the untalented comedians and singers who try out for a pitiful amateur showcase in the brilliant first chapter of *Ladies' Man*, Becker, too, wants his place in a spotlight, to be acceptable to others and to himself.

At 30 Kenny is still a door-to-door peddler of room sprays, hand lotions, and jokes and illusions for the lonely, suppressing his intellectual urge to teach literature. All the old patterns—the job, the friendships, the dependence on sex as a standby for love—seem worn and tawdry, like the scratchy old 45s he tries to listen to. After some desperate night trips through Manhattan's pleasure dumps, he is left degraded, feeling like a "street schizo" in Times Square.

In this book, Richard Price can do anything with words. He can shape a tightly structured novel, yet allow scenes to expand freely. Better than most writers who try to record street talk, he has a quick ear for the varieties of English spoken in New York. He gives Kenny a wit almost as sharp and jaundiced as Holden Caulfield's in *The Catcher in the Rye*. He captures the spurts of rage in Kenny's mind, gives him airborne fantasies, creates settings that reverberate with his emotional state—his isolation in a packed singles' bar, his frenzy in a porno booth as he peeps through glass at nude women shouting dirty talk into microphones, his terror and excitement in gay bars.

The novel ends on an upbeat that is neither forced nor sentimental. It grows naturally out of the fibers of Kenny's character. —J.F.

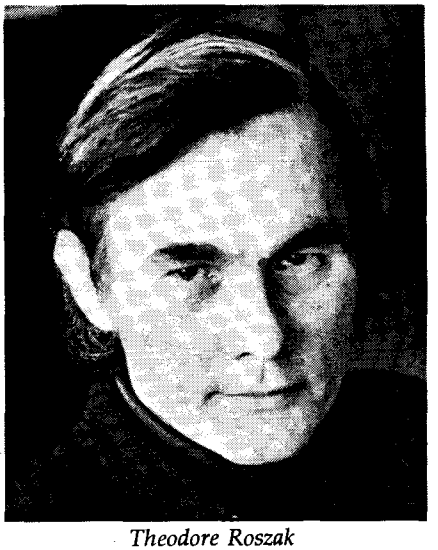
Person/Planet: The Creative Disintegration of Industrial Society

by Theodore Roszak
Anchor/Doubleday, 384 pp., $10.95

Of all that might be said of Theodore Roszak, he is, above all, an urbane writer. He would wince at the irony of that statement. One of his targets is the modern city, that grim, sprawling monster that befouls the global environment, isolates people from nature, and boxes them into jobs that often rob them of the chance to discover themselves as unique persons.

In *Person/Planet* he describes a typical factory, from whose "pipes and drains an oily film trails across the bay." It manufactures a product that signals the achievement of our advanced culture, a pet food that is, literally, "embalmed garbage in high-priced cans." The workers are bored, embittered assistants to machines, instead of persons who can make decisions, take a little pride in an individual style—let alone pursue a talent or a craft.

The thesis of the book is that the rights of the planet and the person, both endangered by the urban-industrial economy, are vitally linked. To summarize his analysis of how both capitalist and collectivist societies have blocked the family and the community from sharing in the ecological balance would be like trying to disguise an elephant as a hamster. It is enough to emphasize that after he makes us face some jarring realities he does not, like Cassandra, leave us with nothing but warnings of doom.



Theodore Roszak

Nor does Roszak write prescriptions for the future. He sees hope, however, signs of regeneration in the brooding Seventies. He offers a keen appraisal of the many scattered attempts to find fulfillment in such faddish therapies as TM, and in a mosaic of experiments in shared, simplified, small-scale living. No doubt some readers will accuse him of being a utopian visionary (harshly critical at times, he steps on a lot of toes). But he himself may be taken as a superb example of the self-discovery he advocates. His work, beginning with *Making of a Counter Culture* in 1969, is a continuing flow of reflective, intelligent discourse. —J.F.

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FINE PRINT

Balakian and Kirsch: Critics With Grace

by Doris Grumbach

THE ART OF literary journalism in English is a long and honorable one. Ever since the appearance of newspapers and journals in 18th-century coffeehouses, readers have been able to see reviews of books by and interviews with, or gossip about, their authors. In our time the craft has too often fallen into the hands of hacks: In 1959 Elizabeth Hardwick, a notable literary critic, mourned "The Decline of Book Reviewing" in *Harper's*.

But we are lucky. Despite the lugubrious state of most literary journalism, there are some critics (reviewers is the less elevated word for them) of taste and judgment who write well and comfortably within the stern space limitations of newspapers. Two of them have recently published collections of their work. Some of the pieces in Nona Balakian's *Critical Encounters: Literary Views and Reviews* (Bobbs-Merrill, $10.95) have appeared in the *New York Times Book Review*, although others have appeared elsewhere. Robert Kirsch has had a long-time alliance with the *Los Angeles Times* as its daily as well as Sunday book critic. His collection, *Lives, Works & Transformations: A Quarter Century of Book Reviews and Essays* (Capra Press, $10.95), is a retrospective, as they say in the art world.

Both Balakian and Kirsch are unusually graceful writers. But they have chosen widely different kinds of books to review, and if these collections are a fair sampling, their tastes differ. In fact, they come together on a book only once—in Joyce Carol Oates's *Edge of Impossibility*, a work of criticism that they both admire for quite dissimilar reasons. Yet Balakian and Kirsch share many objectives. Balakian's stated inclination and practice has been "to define as precisely as possible what I see as the distinctive quality of a particular writer." Kirsch agrees:

> My goal is to evoke the book fairly, wherever possible in the author's own words.... The first obligation is an accurate description of the work and its content. The review should be interesting and informative, but not at the expense of the book, certainly not exploited for the reviewer's ego or reputation.

Both critics are compassionate, preferring to be positive, to laud what they approve of, to spend their precious space in commendation. Balakian's affection for such writers as Eudora Welty, Aldous Huxley, William Saroyan, and Carson McCullers shines through her writing. Kirsch has brought off his extraordinary stint of writing 7½ million words in 25 years with very little critical excoriation or mayhem: "I prefer to give my space to a deserving book for which it may be the only review."

For both writers, the act of dealing regularly with new books is exciting and pleasurable. In all the time they have been reviewing they have not lost their enthusiasm for good writing nor their ability (always the *sine qua non* of successful criticism) to make readers want to read the books they praise. I have not read Nathalie Sarraute's *Portrait of a Man Unknown*, but after reading Balakian's description and analysis of it in "Three Post-Psychological Novels" (written for the *Kenyon Review* in 1958), I fully intend to find a copy of the book. I don't know John Wain's collection of essays, *A House for the Truth* (1973), but Kirsch has alerted me to its value and I will look it up. Is this stimulation of one's interest not devoutly to be wished from all reviewing?

Of course it is inevitable that I would find myself in disagreement with some of the critics' judgments. I think Balakian overestimates "the true thrust of (Wiliam Saroyan's) genius" even while she is acknowledging the weakness of his later work in his post-World War II novels. And I cannot join Kirsch in his effusive praise for the first volume of Anais Nin's *Diary*. But to disagree with single judgments is healthy in critical discourse. It is part of the joy of the game: The reader sharpens his wits as he encounters and then counters the keen intelligence of the reviewer.

A final word about the length of these collected reviews. Both writers have worked under the discipline of given wordage and space, the customary limitations imposed upon the writers of reviews for newspapers. Both Balakian and Kirsch have made a virtue of necessity. On the whole their pieces are short, to the point, carefully shaped, and faithful to their joint conviction that, with all its required restraints, literary journalism is a worthy vocation. They take their work with high seriousness. Writes Balakian: "Yet the responsibility is a grave one. In the end, it is reviewers who influence the kind of books that get published and the quality of the literature we subsequently develop."

If one part of me doubts that this is so, the other part thinks it may be true. And if it is, it is because the craft has been fortunate enough to have been entrusted to fair-minded, thoughtful, and talented reviewers like Nona Balakian and Robert Kirsch. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 116

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. ***Answer next issue.***

Z K P P Y F Y S G U Y J G U
T K N Y Z K P P Y F Y S G
J T Q J N U C D V I Y D T T
S Y D F G A Y C D G -
G Y F, G A Q H X A G A Y V
Z Q S ' G R H K G Y D X -
F Y Y.

— P F D S N T K S

Wit Twister No. 127
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. ***Answer next issue.***

One _ _ _ _ _ _ a
relationship with pain
And often seeks in _ _ _ _
_ _ to define
Or cure the hurt. What folly! Try
again!
A new love always _ _ _ _
_ _ as anodyne.

Contributed by Jean Showalter, Roanoke, Va.

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PLEASURES

A Matter of Dollars and Scents

by James Brady

"She's got an indiscreet voice," I remarked. "It's full of—" I hesitated.

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

WHAT GATSBY thought he heard in Daisy's voice is what any number of ambitious people sense they are sure to find in perfume, that it is "full of money." In biblical times aromatic gums and woods, the precursors of perfume, were expensive and coveted as gifts. The Magi carried myrrh and frankincense—along with the more simply attainable gold—to the Christ Child. Ambergris, produced by the endangered whale, and one of the principal fixatives in contemporary perfumes, is reckoned by weight to be second only to the pearl as the most precious product of the sea. Cleopatra worshipped fragrances, the Crusaders brought them to Europe from sacked Saracen towns, and Catherine de' Medici brought, like a dowry, her passion for perfume to France when she married Henry II.

Since then, and very much until now, the French literally *were* the perfume business. And for good reason.

There is, after all, something deliciously wicked about perfume, something decadent, something not quite *comme il faut*. One cannot conceive of the Dutch, or the Baltics, making such a fetish of it. Perfume was whispered to possess aphrodisiac qualities. French bedroom farce rarely was permitted to go on without at least one scene turning dramatically on a lingering trace of scent in the wrong *chambre*. And since, as the English would have it, the French are not overly fond of bathing, perfume became essential to gracious living.

Then there was geography. For reasons only chemists and horticulturists can explain, the best essential oils used in the manufacture of contemporary perfume derive from one colorful little plot of arable land in the south of France near Grasse.

It is at Grasse that the most exotic ritual of the whole exotic trade is observed: The flowers that produce the oil are harvested at night—once by lantern, now by floodlight—while the petals are still heavy with dew. Once the dawn breaks, the flowers lose as much as 20 percent of their strength. Just after midnight, open trucks, old Citroëns, and *"deux chevaux"* roll out toward the farms transporting men and women, and often children, with burlap sacks, which they will fill with petals. The farmers will pay the workers by the sack and in turn sell the bags to merchants.

The petals are then dumped into a vat or still where the oils are distilled out through the use of solvents, heat, or pressure. The next step is adding a fixative to hold the fragrance together. Musk and civet, the latter produced from the sweat glands of the civet cat, and the rare ambergris are the principal ones used. The final step is to dilute both oils and fixatives in alcohol. Grain alcohol is usually the carrier in which the oils and the fixatives reach the consumer.

The strongest, most concentrated and lasting essence is perfume. It is the most expensive of the whole range of fragrance. While total U.S. sales of all forms of fragrance easily exceed a billion dollars a year, perfume sales account for about only 10 percent of the total, or just over $100 million. But it is a profitable hundred million.

Toilet water is next in strength to true perfume. It is less pricey and can be splashed about somewhat more liberally without scaring the horses.

Cologne, the lightest form of fragrance, is also the cheapest, and experts allow that it can be used "lavishly." This class of scent was developed in and around Cologne, Germany, in the 17th century.

Toilet waters, colognes, and a less significant form of fragrance medium, the *sachet*, make up about 90 percent of the business in this country. The ratio may be changing in favor of the more expensive perfumes.

I can no more explain why Grasse produces the best flowers than I can tell why one Rothschild vineyard yields a *"grand vin,"* and a bit of ground a quarter-mile away produces an ordinary table red. Soil composition, rainfall, the angle at which the sun strikes the ground and for how many hours, the wind, drainage, the diligence of the individual farmer—these are all important factors.

Experts report, astoundingly, that not France but Bulgaria produces the best roses. *Bulgaria*? But Grasse has just about everything else: the quite good *roses de mai*, jasmine, bitter orange, moss.

And, of course, the tradition. In Paris to the north, there are the flamboyant personalities, imagination, and "names" who turn the wonderful flowers from a commodity into a worldwide trade.

The couture designers of Paris are the rare botanicals of fashion. They may be venal, stupid, and perverted or saintly, modest, and literate. They are never, never dull, and there is in all of them the spark of imagination, the sense of timing and color, the instincts of all creative people.

The great Paris couturiers realized years ago that the real money wasn't in designing clothes but in bottling and selling perfumes under their own labels. Coco Chanel, as in so many things, was one of the pioneers. With a Swiss businessman backing her (the French *never* risk their own money on anything!), Chanel created and launched her famous Chanel No. 5. A shrewd businesswoman (a French banker once paid her the supreme compliment, "Mademoiselle knows the value of a safe 9 percent"), Chanel became rich on the perfume royalties while jealously reserving the right to blackguard her Swiss backer. I once asked her about the backer's son, then 50 years old. "He should be in *l'école maternelle* (nursery school) where there would be someone to blow his nose," Coco declared contemptuously.

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Dave Calver

But there was more to the French perfume mystique than this rather endearing Gallic contempt for the Swiss in general and for financiers in particular.

The cost of hand labor, of fabric, of fringe benefits, coupled with the shrinking number of women willing to submit to the ordeal of being fitted, along with the improvement and growth of the ready-to-wear business on Seventh Avenue—and around the world—have made couture, or custom-made women's clothes, an expensive anachronism.

Twice a year the Paris couturiers show their clothes to the press, to professional buyers, and to a few rich and leisured women, to stimulate sales of their cheaper-to-produce *prêt-à-porter*, and to grab the headlines, the covers of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, the front pages of Women's Wear Daily. Here the resultant publicity, at least theoretically, will push sales of their $60-an-ounce perfume. It is a case of perfume tail wagging dressmaker dog.

The publicity fallout can linger, like a cheap *eau de cologne*, a long, long time. The fashion house of Jean Patou, no longer a source of creative fashion, still

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prospers from sales of its Joy (at one time the most expensive perfume in the world). And the Maison Jeanne Lanvin, its greatness also behind it, gloried for years in its classic Arpège.

The younger and currently more influential Parisian designers quickly learned the trick. Yves Saint-Laurent, today quite clearly the commissar of the Paris fashion *apparat*, followed the example of Chanel and created his own line of perfume.

At both extremes of the Paris spectrum, the designers were buying flowers in Grasse and putting up, like frugal New England homemakers, batches of expensive scent with their names on the bottle.

Balenciaga, the austere Spaniard whose fashion house was more like a monastery with his assistants scurrying about silently in clerical smocks, also went into the perfume trade. He reportedly was so shy of publicity that each afternoon, at the close of work, he crawled into a panel truck in the courtyard of his fashion establishment and was driven home, lying on the floor, lest he be photographed by one of the swarming paparazzi.

So, too, a curious young man named Karl Lagerfeld is now marketing a scent. Unlike Balenciaga, Karl loves the press. He recently told an interviewer that at the age of four, when his mother asked him what he wanted for his birthday, he replied: "A valet." Lagerfeld is also the man so taken by the broad-shouldered vogue in women's fashions that he has ordered shoulder pads to be sewn into his own T-shirts.

The French understand the business. A successful couture collection next January by Givenchy, even though it will lose a hundred thousand dollars or more, will get the Givenchy name into the "style" pages of the newspapers and on the covers of the magazines. For the next few months stores like Bloomingdale's, Saks, and Neiman-Marcus will trumpet their new Givenchy boutiques, and sales of his perfumes, toilet waters, and other fashion appurtenances, such as scarves, jewelry, and stockings, will boom.

But it is in perfume that the true bliss of the bottom line resides.

PERFUME HAS a high retail price and a relatively low cost of manufacture. More money goes into the design and manufacture of the bottle itself than into the contents. Pauline Trigère once told me she spent $85,000 to design a bottle and make the mold. As much again can go into the advertising, including the reputed million-dollar fees paid to models such as Margaux Hemingway, Lauren Hutton, and Cheryl Tiegs, and whopping retainers paid photographers Dick Avedon and Hiro.

Now, for the first time, it appears as if the French monopoly is in peril. A whole slew of bright, ambitious young Americans has gotten into the act. Either gambling their own money or backed by conglomerates like Norton Simon Inc., or Warner Communications, or the great pharmaceutical houses of Pfizer and Eli Lilly, youngish designers such as Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, Halston, and Mary McFadden are now producing perfumes.

Quel changement! The French used to dominate the trade. And now the upstart Americans are swarming all over them, buying up their perfume companies (as with Saint-Laurent), or starting their own.

It was probably the tough, vulgar, very shrewd, and larger-than-life Charles Revson who was the first American to say the hell with French tradition and to try to do it on his own.

But he worked with the traditional framework, using a "name" designer as a lure. His cosmetics company, Revlon, was already huge and profitable when, in 1968, he created and launched the first perfume bearing the name of a home-grown American designer, Norman Norell.

Norell was then the premier (possibly sharing the laurels with James Galanos) American fashion creator, an alternately gentle and waspish man who would work off nerves brought on by an opening night of his new line of clothes by scrubbing, on his hands and knees, the floors of his Seventh Avenue showroom.

Norell, the perfume, did not precisely knock anyone dead, but the superb Revlon marketing know-how and Charles Revson's own touch with an ad campaign made it a winner.

Revson's archrival, the redoubtable Estée Lauder (their feuds are legendary and Andy Tobias in *Fire and Ice* summarizes them nicely), tooled up *her* cosmetics empire and put out *her* perfume. Along came designers like Rudi Gernreich, Oscar de la Renta, Elsa Peretti, Diane von Furstenberg, and John Weitz with *their* own labels. Corporate heavies like American Cyanamid and Chesebrough-Pond's moved in.

Giants like Revlon are beginning a second generation of perfume marketing. Norell, now 10 years old, clearly has peaked and, since the death of Norman Norell, no longer derives a twice-a-year publicity windfall from his fashion collections. Just before his own death in perhaps his last tribute to himself, Charles Revson developed a younger, less expensive perfume called Charlie. Revlon has now gone one step further away from the reliance on a designer "name" by creating a fragrance called Babe.

Babe comes to us principally through the medium of Margaux Hemingway, hired by Revson to disport herself and her generous proportions around swimming pools, on beaches, or in the smoky confines of such *boîtes* as Studio 54, while, presumably, wearing a dash of Babe.

At which point, visions of Miss Hemingway dancing in my fevered head, I pause for a parenthetical insertion: The experts at the Fragrance Foundation, an industry propaganda group, inform us that perfume and *sweat* are just dandy together; that, in their words, "When you dance, the added heat of your body will give your perfume even greater excitement. What a way to make the scene and be beautifully remembered!"

Turning rapidly from that page of their brochure lest I become over-stimulated, I consulted Wall Street experts. None of the financial houses expects the perfume business to do anything but grow over the next 10 years. They cite rising disposable income among the female population, a greater number of distributive outlets, increased and more seductive advertising by rival brands.

So a whole new raft of perfume millionaires can be expected to blossom, mostly young Americans with reputations solidly anchored in fashion design, following in the footsteps of Coty, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel. Rich and beautiful women will bless them for producing such treasures, harried husbands on Christmas Eve will pant silent thanks for providing "the perfect gift," which, however expensive, is simple to buy and doesn't weigh much. ◉

James Brady, former publisher of Women's Wear Daily *and editor of* New York *magazine, is a novelist whose last book,* Paris One, *now a Dell paperback, deals with intrigues in the French perfume and fashion* métier. *His next novel, which Putnam's will publish this fall, is* Nielsen's Children, *about American television.*

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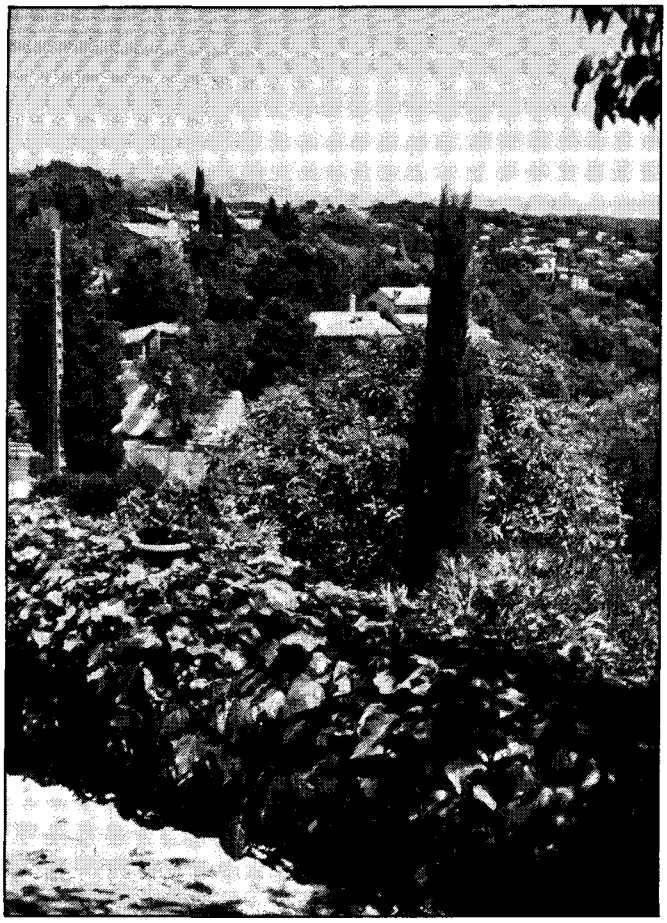
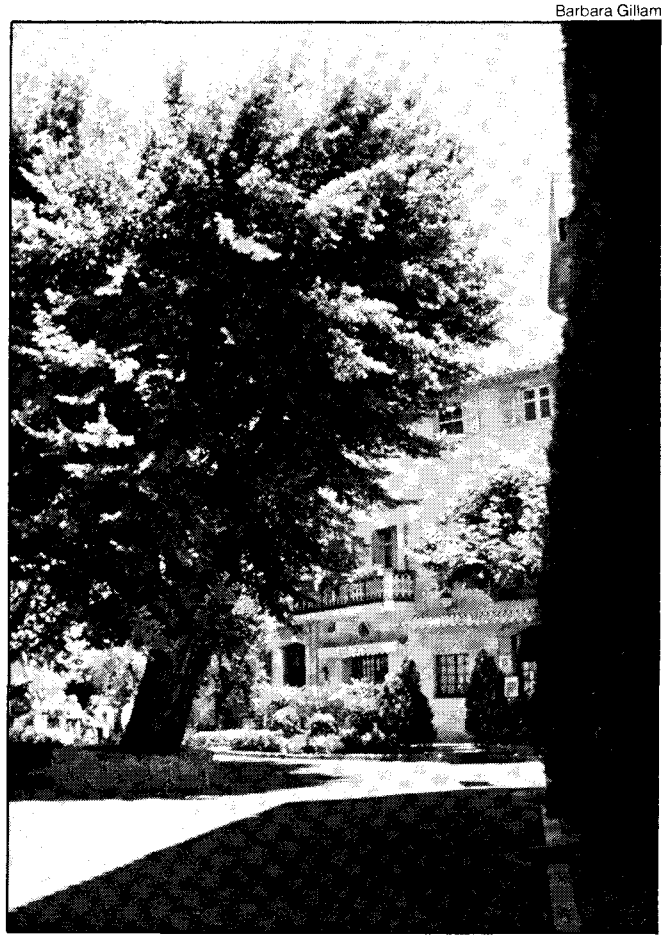
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Cruising the Riviera Green Belt

by Horace Sutton

Barbara Gillam





Mougins looking alpsward, left, and in the picture-book village, right—"It could claim the 'Cordon Bleu' of the Côte d'Azur."

THE MORNING WOULD bloom bright and cool in the hills above Cannes and you knew the sun would be splashing the Iles de Lérins, washing the beach of the Croisette where the film bunnies disport before the paparazzi when the film festival is on in May. The dawn would be sending shafts of gold into the Vieux Port where the few fishermen who are left must jockey for space with the big yachts that park there during the summer months so that their passengers can play baccarat or trente-et-quarante at the Palm Beach Casino, hit tennis balls on the 10 courts of the Hotel Montfleury, or make the pilgrimage to the Moulin à Mougins, that culinary temple not far from the autoroute La Provençal, the speedway that starts on the heights behind Nice and scurries above the Riviera watering holes on its breathless way to Marseilles.

On mornings like these, all the Riviera spreads before you like a splendid buffet dazzling the eye and confusing the senses. One can explore the blue belt which is the coastline—Juan-les-Pins, Cannes, Sainte-Maxime, Saint-Tropez, and the Bay of the Angels that embraces Nice itself in a giant loop that runs from Antibes to elegant Cap Ferrat. Saintly and angelic placenames, plucked from the pages of Fitzgerald, where bronzing bodies are displayed in fashions that are neither saintly nor exactly angelic.

Above the coastline is the magnificence of the green belt, the surrounding hills, sprinkled with medieval towns, with *pieds-à-terre* where artists of international renown have come to paint, with museums where their works repose—Picasso and Chagall, Renoir and Braque, Léger and Matisse. And if that doesn't suit there is Valberg and there is Beuil, flower-filled pasturelands in summer, but ski resorts in winter, a white belt 100 kilometers from the water-girt frenzy of Cannes.

One morning we forsook the twin pools of the Montfleury, the tennis courts and the promise of a grand cold table at noon, and pointed the little Peugeot down the Boulevard Montfleury to the Boulevard de la République and found the Avenue de Vallauris which is an old road that leads to Vallauris, city of potters. More than 100 of them are at work there, including the master ceramicist Roger Capron who produces tableaux as well as practical dishware, all in high style. Works by craftsmen good and bad—whose antecedents worked clay for centuries—are spread on the sidewalks of one long street. There was a revival toward the end of the 19th century that elevated pottery making to a fine art. Then, after a somnolence that lasted until the end of World War II, Pablo Picasso arrived and turned it all around. There, in a 12th-century chapel, he painted his own "War and Peace," a pair of composi-

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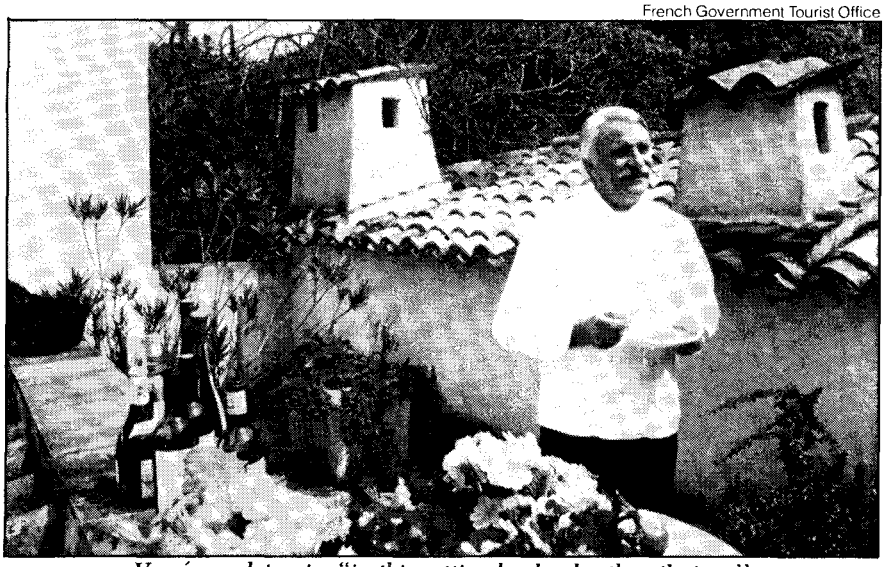

Vergé en plein air—"in this setting he dazzles the pilgrims."

tions, one dominated by the Chariot of War pulled by the Horses of Death, who trample underfoot the symbols of civilization; on the opposite wall the figure of Peace, stopping the deathly procession and delivering humanity. Fish fly, a shepherd's pipe inspires a couple to dance, a child guides Pegasus, who is a plough horse. The sun shines and the world rejoices. Vallauris is the home and the guardian of Picasso's Museum of Peace. The famous goat he created as a gift to the village stands in the marketplace square.

The museum was dedicated in September of 1959, and André Malraux, then Minister of Culture, asked that the chapel remain a sanctuary "in which all men may come who will wish to meditate and to rethink the human condition."

The year before, having grown out of his ceramic period, Picasso moved to the ancient village of Mougins, just above the Cannes exit of La Provençal autoroute. A haven for painters, sculptors, and craftsmen, Mougins likes to trace its beginnings to bones and artifacts exhumed here and believed to be 4,000 years old. The settlement that became Mougins took in refugees of the maritime tribes that were beaten by Caesar's legions. A Saracen portal is a remembrance of invasions from the Middle East in 732.

Picasso established himself in a residence near the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Vie, a few kilometers from town. To this sanctuary were brought stillborn children, who were said to be resuscitated long enough to be baptized. The practice was brought to an end by an edict of the bishop of Grasse in 1730, but the registry in the priory still records that, following Mass at Notre-Dame-de-Vie, babies were known to open their mouths, spread their toes, or deliver a drop or two of urine. The belief in such miracles—despite the bishop's edict—is said to remain strong among villagers.

There are those who associate Mougins with Picasso, but a history of the town scoffs at the notion. He was here from 1958 until he died in 1973, but he completely ignored the villagers of Mougins. No goat for them.

As it turns out, Mougins had other fish to sauté. A picture-book village, it has emerged as a gastronomic center. The tiny village has 16 restaurants, three of them with one Michelin star. Roger Vergé's Moulin à Mougins, one of the 12 three-star restaurants in all France, is a few kilometers from the town. Until this year it has been more famous than the village itself.

But then came the challenge from André Surmain, who had created Lutèce in New York, sold out to his chef, André Soltner, and retired to Majorca to collect old automobiles. Suddenly he surfaced in Mougins with a new wife and new ideas for a restaurant. In the quaint village he opened Le Relais à Mougins, offering a fixed menu at 110 francs ($26). Surmain decorated the restaurant in green latticework against white walls. A mammoth 1925 poster of Gilda Gray looks down from a wall. She is flanked by a photograph of Jacqueline Onassis, a New York customer, and by a portrait of Lyndon Johnson looking as if he had just been handed a Surmain check. There is a picture, too, of Alexandre Dumaine, the super-chef who dominated the gastronomic route through the Côte d'Or of Burgundy.

To the restaurant Surmain added a bar called Le Zinc, where those with less than 110 francs to spend on subsistence may order a plat du jour, or sandwiches of foie gras or cheese.

Vergé countered with a village restaurant of his own, more moderately priced than the Moulin à Mougins. Placed in an old mill where olives were once pressed, Vergé's new Amandiers is done in exquisite taste, with flowers and lights making a giant centerpiece of the old olive press. From the terrace the view sweeps off to Grasse, to Nice, and over the local hills to the beginnings of the Alps. In this setting Vergé dazzles the pilgrims with soufflé de loup de mer, chicken pâté served in slices with an aspic of vegetables and astringent cherries, and featherweight fritters of zucchini blossoms.

At the more elaborate, more formal Moulin à Mougins, Vergé may open with champagne inoculated with raspberry cream, a pâté mousseline with aspic, marinated salmon slices in an oil of pistou—a garlicky paste flavored with basil. Here he serves his renowned lobster fricassée.

Vergé's magic began in Kenya and in Rhodesia, where he catered for airports. He spent three winters in Jamaica at Plantation Inn and at Gloucester House, in the years before independence. He pioneered the road to Mougins, opening the Moulin in 1969. By March of 1970 he had one star, by March of '72 he had two, and two years later he had three.

This year, in a cover story about the Côte d'Azur, the Gault-Millau magazine, written for traveling eaters, ran a two-page color photograph of all the chefs of Mougins gathered in the village square. "With its 16 restaurants," the photo's caption read, "the little village of Mougins could claim the 'Cordon Bleu' of the Côte d'Azur."

In Mougins the trees grow tall, daisies grow untended along the ancient village walls. Rose vines send shoots out of cracks in the road. Geraniums in flowerpots are banked like a field of fire in front of Le Bistrot, whose 35-year-old chef stuffs sardines with mint, and artichokes with ham and mushrooms. There are splashes of marigolds in the village gardens. Impatiens are color spots in the deep shade of cypresses and olive trees. The bust of one Commandant Lamy honors a local hero who found glory and death in the conquest of Chad ("Terminating with splendor," says an advisory issued by the town, "the great black empires founded on tyranny and slavery.") The quiet of the square is ruffled only by a fountain spilling water from four sides. "Eau non potable," cautions the sign. No matter. There is plenty to drink in the 16 restaurants. ◉

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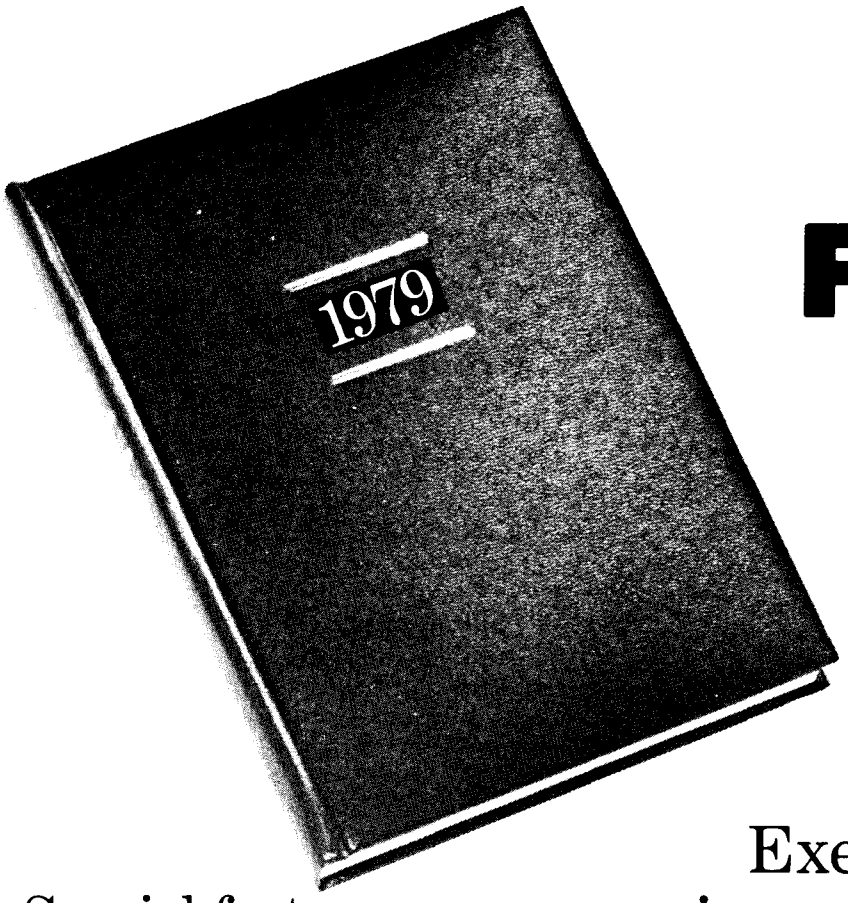

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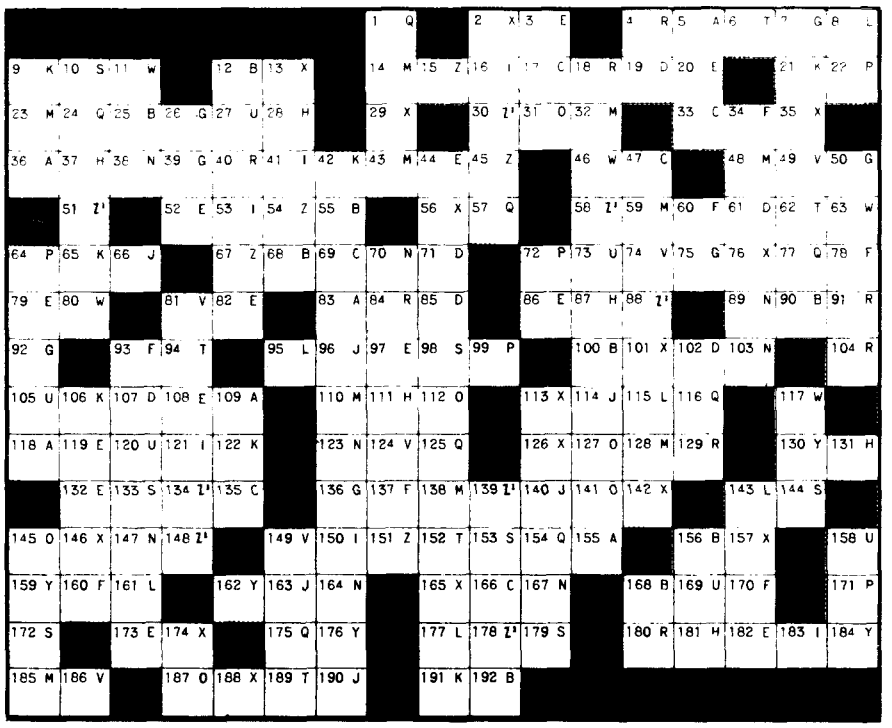
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 156

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 155*** appears on page 8

CLUES	WORDS
A. Trumped when unable to follow suit	5 36 83 109 118 155
B. Right away (3 wds.)	156 168 192 12 25 55 68 90 100
C. Japanese religion	135 166 17 33 47 69
D. Hecate, goddess of the crossroads	71 85 107 19 61 102
E. Philosophical movement of 17th and 18th century Europe	108 119 132 173 182 52 82 97 79 3 20 44 86
F. Pernicious, hurtful, unwholesome	170 34 60 78 93 137 160
G. Reverential acts, utterances, etc.	7 26 39 50 75 92 136
H. Woolen blanket, knitted, crocheted, or woven	181 131 28 87 111 37
I. Flat-brimmed straw hat	41 53 183 16 121 150
J. Comfort, appease	66 140 163 190 96 114
K. Angrily	191 9 21 42 65 106 122
L. River flowing along the boundary between Ontario and Quebec	143 161 177 8 95 115
M. Weakly sentimental; insipid (comp.)	59 43 110 14 32 138 185 128 48 23

CLUES	WORDS
N. Walked with a vain, pompous bearing	89 103 164 70 123 147 167 38
O. 1925 Irving Berlin hit	127 145 187 31 112 141
P. Daughter of Tantalus whom Zeus turned into stone	22 64 171 72 99
Q. Zeal, ardor	116 125 77 175 24 1 57 154
R. County of Southwest Wales	4 18 180 104 40 84 91 129
S. Arbitrator	144 153 172 179 98 133 10
T. One of the New Hebrides; seat of Vila	62 94 189 152 6
U. Lacking in nutritive value	158 73 120 169 27 105
V. Laboriously fatiguing or difficult	49 149 124 81 74 186
W. Toe, for instance	11 46 80 117 63
X. Wearing one's birthday suit (3 wds.)	29 56 35 188 142 2 113 165 13 126 76 174 101 146 157
Y. Ionian Island off the northwest coast of Greece	184 130 176 162 159
Z. Get around by trickery	15 54 67 45 151
Z'. "Joy, ____, Joy": Whitman poem	148 178 51 139 30 58 134 88

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THE BACK DOOR

With All Due Disrespect

THE BOY FELT no sensation whatever before Presidents. A President was a matter of course in every respectable family; he had two of his own. Revolutionary patriots, or perhaps a Colonial Governor, might be worth talking about, but anyone could be President, and some very shady characters were likely to be....

"Every one thought alike whether they had ancestors or not. No sort of glory hedged Presidents as such, and, in the whole country, one could hardly have met with an admission of respect for any office or name, unless it were George Washington."

The boy, thus remembered by himself, was Henry Adams, great-grandson and grandson to presidents. The president to whom he had just been introduced was Zachary Taylor, in 1850.

In 1978, our pantheon of "respectable" presidents is somewhat enlarged to include Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, and depending on one's vantage, Wilson, Teddy Roosevelt, and Kennedy. But a sense of disenchantment reigns strongly. Anybody, it seems, can be president, and some very shady characters are likely to be.

President Carter is only partly responsible for this disenchantment. Each year since the day we buried JFK, the office and its occupants have lost more sheen while accumulating layers of tarnish. Lyndon Johnson's stomach scar and unstomachable war; Nixon's foul mouth and petty criminality; Ford's stumble-bumming and his alcoholic First Lady—all sooted the dream of glory. Sadly, the two potentially glittering candidates for the job—Robert and Ted Kennedy—were stopped en route by deaths.

And now we must deal with the preachy, "government-as-good-as-its-people" Carter, together with his clan of finagling bankers and dope-dealing and booze-spitting aides, not to mention his publicity-hungry siblings, who exploit big brother to sell their brands of beer and Jesus. Were it not for our disappointment with Carter's immediate predecessors and the repetitive piety of his campaign, our reaction to the President's troubles might not be so nasty and absolute. And were it not for the obsessive and constant devotion of the press to this topic, the feeling of contempt for the President might not have been stoked to such a white heat. But to blame the press or Congress or the past, as Carter's dwindling group of apologists tends to, is to evade responsibility. Respect in a free society is earned, not owed. Carter has lost the respect of his public because he has failed to earn it. Whatever his excuses, Carter, by performing poorly, has made us all feel poorly about our system of government and/or our own judgment.

It is a peculiarity of the American presidency that garnering the respect of the constituents is more important than enacting any piece of legislation or appointing any individual. In most other elective offices in this country—and in most other free countries—getting the prescribed job done is as much as one can ask of a public official. But the American president, in our odd setup, must function as both the operative and the symbolic chief of state. We lack a queen or titular president who uncontroversially presides while a Prime Minister functions. Our president must not only govern; he must represent us to ourselves and to the world as we would like to be perceived. To a disquieting extent, he embodies America. His strengths and failings are our strengths and failings.

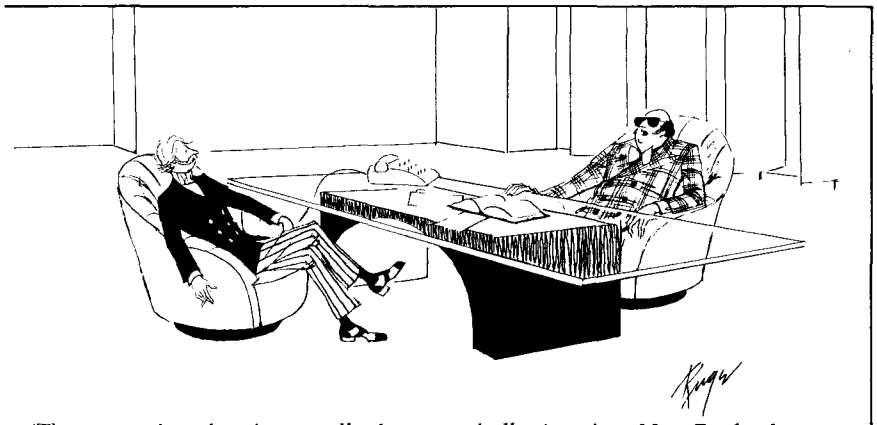
Respect enhances a president's power and ability to accomplish tasks. By dint of his personality, President Kennedy persuaded Americans to forego their insularity and join the Peace Corps. The fact that this spirit of involvement in other nations' affairs led to a military involvement in Vietnam should not lead us to denigrate the effort. The Peace Corps and its domestic stepchild, VISTA, represented a sort of noble idealism rarely witnessed since.

If President Carter had ignited some of that latent idealism, America might have had a comprehensive energy program by now. But instead of leading, Carter simply explained, trusting the force of his arguments to waft his plan to its destination like a magic carpet. But, as any able demagogue knows, one cannot simply declare "the moral equivalent of war"; one must excite the fervor. True, Carter's energy plan was mauled in Congress by special interests. But had Carter managed to persuade the constituents of congressmen and senators that America *needed*, and that they, the constitutents, *wanted* such legislation, it would never have encountered such obstacles.

Disrespect for a president creates disrespect for all politicians and for the system. It is a sign of our dispiritedness that the country's next most publicized politican is a California governor who emphasizes government's inability to solve problems.

The controversies surrounding Bert Lance and Hamilton Jordan and Billy Carter and Peter Bourne, while not individually important, have in the aggregate increased our contempt for the President and for ourselves. However intelligent his initiatives, Carter has thus far failed as a leader. And lack of leadership is what makes boys feel "no sensation whatever before Presidents."

—CARLL TUCKER



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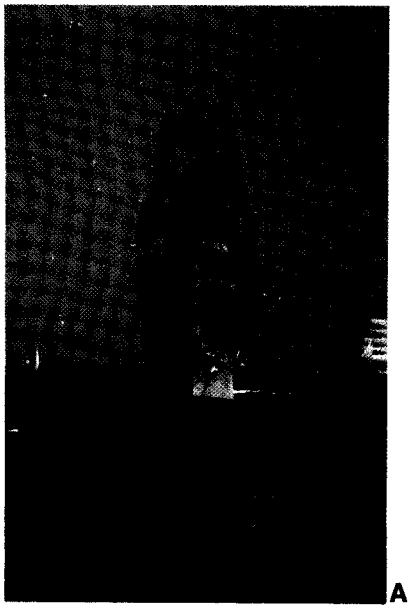

A

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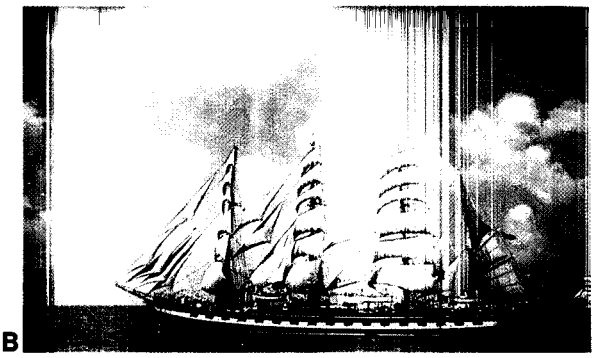
E. DANMARK *(full-rigged) Denmark. School ship has served both her home country and the U.S.*

F. ESMERALDA *(barkentine) Chile. Originally built for the Spanish Navy and still in use.*



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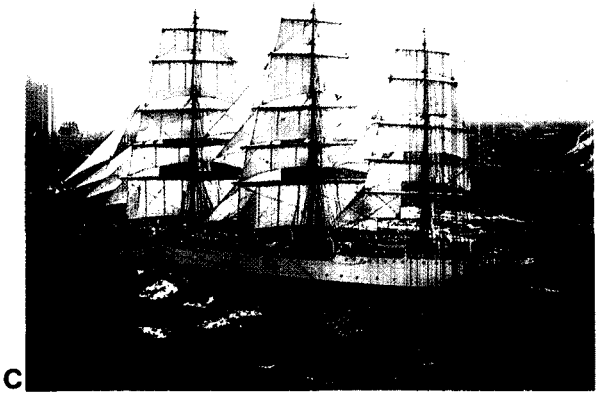

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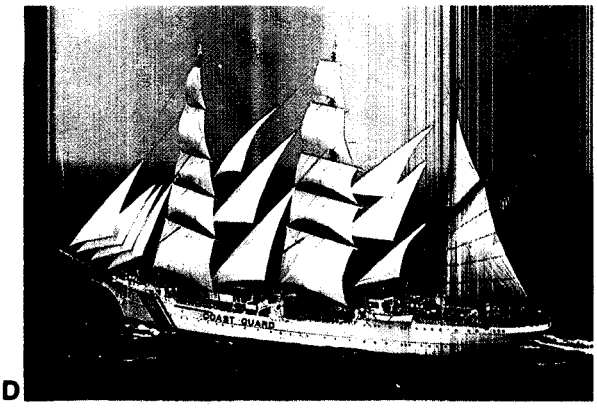
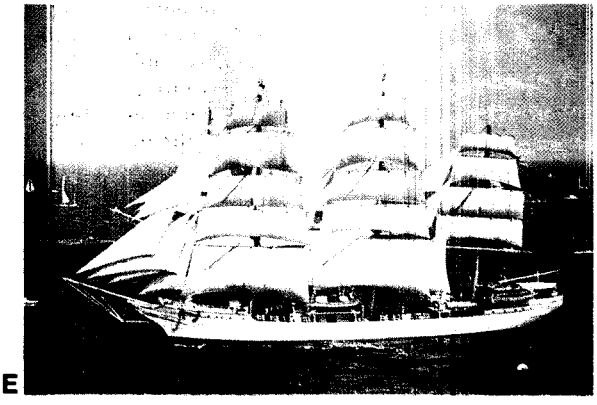


D



E

F

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New National Smoker Study:

Merit Shakes Brand Loyalties.

Smokers report "easy switch" from high tar brands in latest research.

Can low tar MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor'™ deliver the flavor of high tar cigarettes—and continue to satisfy former smokers of those high tar brands?

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Results Confirm MERIT Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

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